

# ALL ALONG THE RIVER==By Miss Braddon

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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### Around Town.

The newspapers here and in the United States are giving great prominence to the question of annexation. I should have said "undue" prominence were it not for the fact that no question as to our national future can be too carefully considered, and consequently when our national extinction is seriously proposed we should give it the same reasonable consideration that should drive away the thought of suicide if personally we suffer from the "blues" and feel that there is nothing left for us here below. No man is considered sane who kills himself; no one who believes in a future existence, in the reward of the good and the punishment of the wicked, ever takes his own life. Should not the same restraints which keep us from self-murder restrain us from national suicide?

However this may be, I for one believe the question deserves more than a passing jeer. Although I am strongly and unalterably opposed to any such despicable end to our struggle for the foundation of a great Northern Nation on this continent, it does not change the fact that there are many people—no matter how we may discount their numbers—who feel no shame, at least no sentiment, in avowing their preference for national suicide. In order to show that the notion deserves serious treatment I shall set down the reasons why now, more than ever before, this political heresy is dangerous. Our real danger is now for the first time in history from without as well as from within. In the beginning of the century, and several times since, the people of the Republic were led to believe that we were anxious for annexation. Though eager to strike at Great Britain, the people of the United States were neither land-hungry nor embarrassed by our competition. Their efforts to capture Canada were founded on a political rather than a commercial basis, and were consequently ephemeral. They had been told, as they are being told now, that the Canadians were anxious to throw off the "yoke" of Great Britain, and as soon as they found out their mistake they desisted from all attempts to capture this country. I conceive the situation to be materially altered and the danger from the present agitation materially increased. In the first place, I shall deal with the danger from without, as it leads up to the proper explanation of the sources of danger within our own jurisdiction.

There are nearly a million Canadians in the United States. That is equivalent to saying there are not five times as many adult Canadians at home as there are in the Republic, as the adults in the exodus are greater in proportion than among the stay-at-homes. Speaking from my own experience, having been familiar with the United States and its people for the past twenty years, the Canadian in Yankee land used to be an unnaturalized being who longed for home and the British institutions amidst which he was born and reared. When you found him either in the east or west he always said, "Except for money-making I prefer Canada and wish I were back there. The institutions of this country are corrupt and away behind our Canadian Government."

Now it is different. I find many Canadians in the United States who are the strongest advocates of annexation. It has not been difficult to find the reason. The scandals at Ottawa and Quebec have convinced them that our Government is nearly, if not quite, as corrupt as that of the United States. Our census proved that we were not growing as we should have grown, though by adopting the National Policy we tried the same means to establish ourselves industrially. Contact, too, has had its effect, and the ease with which they have obtained political promotion has led Canadians in the United States to make unfavorable comparisons with the way things are managed here at home. That they have always retained sympathy with us is found in the fact that they are largely Democrats and are said to have had a considerable share in electing Cleveland, who was popular with them because of his supposed friendliness to Canada. If it be true that the majority of Canadians in the United States are in favor of annexation, their advice to their friends in this country will cease to be in favor of remaining as we are and may lead many to favor a change.

Again, in the very fact that Canadians in the United States belong to what is now the dominant party there is a great danger. While the Republicans were in power they brought into the Union every territory which could be counted upon as a Republican state. It is true that they were mistaken in one or two instances, but their evident intention was to fortify themselves in power. The Democrats are likely to follow the same policy, and already New Mexico and Arizona are being prepared for statehood. If the Democrats feel certain, as they are apt to do, that the Canadian provinces would become Democratic states if annexed, they may be counted upon as favorable to the absorption of Canada.

In the next place, Roman Catholic sentiment, which, if I am not misinformed, was once

strongly opposed to annexation both on this and the other side of the border, is now largely in favor of annexation. The movement over there for separate schools instead of being quieted by Mgr. Satolli, the papal legate, is simply being organized. The victory of the United Lutherans and Roman Catholics in Wisconsin and Illinois has encouraged the belief that the political parties dare not oppose the church. The United States never had a Catholic president, or a candidate for the presidency, and I do not recollect the name of any Roman Catholic cabinet minister. There is not a single state in which they have power. This would be changed if Quebec were admitted. Politically Catholicism is stronger in Canada than anywhere else on this continent. Its effect upon the United States is being carefully reckoned. It is held that Ontario would be guaranteed her present school system if admitted to the union, and would therefore be the precedent for others to obtain the same privilege. Thus it is hoped that Quebec and Ontario both would become wedges to open the constitution in favor of church institutions.

Thus the re-awakening of interest in the Monroe doctrine, the movement in favor of free trade, the desire of the Democrats to establish themselves in power by political achievements and the addition of Democratic electoral votes, the unusual amount of discussion in the Yankee papers, the congressional attention to our railways and canals, the filling up of their country and the growing land-hunger of the people, all incline the people south of us to consider more seriously

leaders are such an aggregation of agitators, that nothing short of anarchy would turn them from an opportunity to bounce the Tories out, even if Canada ceased to be a name on the map and Canadian became a reproach to the people born to wear it. In this, rather than in commercial depression, lies our danger, and the conspiracy is so deeply laid and its ramifications so general that it deserves investigation.

If there are reasons why the annexation movement is now especially dangerous, there are many facts which if properly brought before the Canadian people should banish the unbusinesslike as well as unpatriotic thought. For over a century we as a people have held our own against the wonderful forces which have tended to build up the United States at our expense, and now that at last the tide is turning in our favor would it not be the height of folly to lose the prize almost within our grasp? Canada, as disunited and jealous provinces, could not hope to attract capital or population; as a united country it has scarcely more than attained its majority, and now as a strong man is starting earnestly in the race for a share of the business of the continent. Until a few years ago our illimitable Northwest was undeveloped and almost inaccessible; now the pulsations of traffic and the warmth of the business heart in the older provinces are making it an integral part of a country bound more closely together year after year by the ties of railway communication and mutual interest. The success of the Canadian Pacific Railway has made us all sure of the

sees an opportunity to get them. On the other hand, the easiest way to make him contented is to cheapen the goods he has to buy, and try and improve the transportation facilities for exporting what he has to sell. This of course should be done without seriously damaging our industrial enterprises and cities, and if we use reason instead of hard names he can be convinced that a compromise is necessary.

I am not writing this to convince my readers that annexation is a foolish and disloyal thing, for I am sure they are as firmly convinced of both propositions as I am. It is my only purpose to point out the necessity of recognizing the danger, not only of the situation as we have not made it, but of the methods we may be led to use in repressing the heresy and converting the heretic. I use these words because many of those who are undertaking to combat annexationist theories and manifestoes are acting as if they were justified by the righteousness of their cause and the fervor of their faith, in applying political thumb-screws, social ostracism and anathemas. They are sincere and zealous, but, I fear, mistaken. Facts and arguments will prove sufficient, and I am so sure that annexation will never come within the life of anyone now alive, that I may be inclined to mild methods. However this may be, let us be reasonable; nothing was ever lost by remembering that it is easier to convince people than to coerce them.

The Ministerial Association and the Anglican divines having met in Association Hall for the consideration of the question of organic unity,

tempered and kindly exordium; it breathed the spirit of unity and the reader could only regret that back of it all was the ecclesiasticism of his church, his insistence upon the episcopate, the continuity of authority and all that it implies, from the laying on of hands in ordination to the claim that the Episcopal church inherited the power, or a portion of the power, of the Roman Catholic church and is now its only Protestant custodian.

When the Rev. Dr. Langtry arose, the reporter gives him twenty-six lines for his first sentence, and if unity is to go with simplicity we could have hardly expected a man with so many parenthetical, and explanatory, and auxiliary phrases to favor any simple plan of uniting church endeavor or promoting organic unity. One cannot help, however, being attracted by the forcible logic and dominance of the speaker. In his argument in favor of the episcopate and the historical powers of the Anglican church, his only weakness seemed to me that his arguments proved too much and consequently proved nothing. If he proved anything it seemed to me it was that the Roman Catholic church is still the custodian of the sacred oils for the anointment of priests, the privileges and sacraments of the church, and all those prerogatives which Dr. Langtry seems to urge are similar to the rights vested in a Masonic or Orange Grand Lodge and Master. So conclusive was his argument that I do not know if hereafter I shall feel quite safe in sitting in a church any more than in a lodge, unless I see the regulation charter and accompanying seals from the Grand Master of Ceremonies hanging on the wall.

This being the case, I imagine that the Baptist and Episcopalian brethren will be outside the next fence which encloses two or more religious denominations in Canada. The Methodist, the Presbyterian, and the Congregationalist have no such fundamental points of difference; the union of those bodies can be hoped for and I believe will be accomplished. Since Calvinism has been laid away by the Presbyterian and wild emotionalism has ceased to be encouraged by the Methodist, and as Congregationalism is no longer the mainspring of a community's democracy, there is no reason why those sects should not unite and form by long odds the strongest Protestant denomination in Canada—in fact, form the strongest political, social and religious body in this Dominion, excepting alone the church of Rome. That great bodies attract the weaker being true, we may expect that Baptist beliefs will become modified in the course of time, until the members of that church will believe, as the Congregationalists do, that any way to get a man into the church, either by immersion, dipping, pouring or sprinkling, is satisfactory and that it does not much matter when it is done, from infancy until old age, so long as the man or woman shows faith and good works after he or she gets in. Having arrived at this convenient point of belief, they too may be proper candidates for church unity.

The Episcopalians in a less degree may cease to be the monarchical adherents of the present system and may become satisfied with transient bishops and itinerant priests, though it is very doubtful. The more aristocratic portions of the community will always insist upon the permanency of these officials, which is necessary to social station and fashionable leadership. However this conference may result as to unity, it must have great value in promoting goodfellowship and in settling those trifling differences which not many years ago caused heart-burnings and petty scandals. The church will some day find that its great enemy is infidelity, whether it be in the stage of apathy or found in the condition of open anarchic aggression. More and more as this problem confronts the bodies religious will they become united, and even the Catholic church will lend its hand in union with others to prevent what can reasonably be claimed is the result not only of sectarian differences, but the failure of the churches to convert their members, to say nothing of their failure to christianize the heathens.

This however remains always in view, that no matter how religious endeavor has weakened itself by its divisions, it is and has been the great civilizer. It and its adherents, whether those adherents hold modified or even heterodox views, are the ones who have brought liberty to mankind, comparative purity to our public life, and happiness and sobriety, helpfulness and spiritual thought to our homes. In that it has done so much we can never regard its efforts with anything but love and veneration; that it has failed to accomplish so much may be a matter of regret, but what life, either corporate or private, has not made many failures, has not been wide of the mark, has not aimed for things unattainable and struggled for things worthless of attainment? Surely the hand of God can be seen in it all; and inasmuch as the Spirit of Christ is shown, to that extent at least there is union and names and creeds become meaningless.

The prosperity of the Reform party in Canada.  
Continued on Page Four.



A FRUGAL MEAL.

than ever before the question of absorbing Canada. Greater, however, than any consideration yet mentioned is the anxiety of railway and other corporations, such as the Standard Oil Company, to control our traffic and general business. It is to these that the enemies of Canada are looking for sympathy and financial aid. That they feel themselves threatened by the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific railways, one may learn by the unceasing clamor of railway congressmen and the subsidized press of the United States. Never before in the history of such ephemeral annexation movements as are recorded, did Canadian malcontents have the financial assistance of millionaire monopolists; never before were the business people of the United States at all interested in any such campaign.

It is this sympathy and succor, organized and led by Erasmus Wiman, which has given permanence to the present agitation—an agitation not born of the bitterness of factional fighting as of old, but developed from the Unrestricted Reciprocity policy of the Reform party. It is now for the first time a deliberate and cold-blooded conspiracy rather than the resentful resource of angry politicians. As such it deserves more thoughtful and persistent attention than it has been receiving. The Reform party is thoroughly honeycombed by the treason, and that the Annexationist faction is dominant in that party is clearly proven by the attitude of such men as Peter Ryan and other office holders who have no fear of sharing the fate of Elgin Myers. Sir Oliver does not discharge any more Annexationists from public office, for the party has given him notice that they own him instead of him owning the party. In Dominion affairs the Reform party has been so long out of power, is so hopelessly disorganized, and its

success of our Northwest; the energy displayed by that railway and the vigorous policy inaugurated by the new Minister of the Interior, the rapidity—compared with the past—with which that country is filling up, and more than all else, the spirit of enterprise and hopefulness shown by the people, convince us that the grandest future awaits the full settlement of that magnificent northland.

Here, too, in Ontario and the older provinces there is a marked improvement in the cities and in the enterprise of our people. Much that is being said about our farmers sinking deeper into debt and distress is political clap-trap, but in the discontent fomented amongst the agricultural population lies the danger of a demand for change. The farmer is too hard-worked and too greatly worried by little things to be largely influenced by sentiment. Indeed, I think that the very absence of sentiment so often shown by farmers, the hard-headedness which so many of them think the acme of prudence, leads them into more trouble and makes them the prey of more political and commercial fakirs than any other class of the community. To answer their clamor for a reduction of the tariff by calling them traitors is the wildest kind of folly; in fact, to argue with anyone by a railing accusation or the calling of hard names is such a fatuous course that I can conceive of no sensible person adopting it.

That there is a demand on the part of the farmers for a lower tariff on the necessities of their lives and business, I shall not attempt to deny. That, as some high-tariff papers declare, every man opposed to a protective policy is an annexationist and consequently a traitor, is a dangerous assertion. We cannot convince a farmer that he is a traitor because he wants cheaper goods and

those of us who have chanced to read the *Globe* are in a much better position than perhaps ever before to judge of the probability of the much-hoped-for result. With an aptness for knowing what is news and giving it full space, for which I am always ready to credit them, of recent years, the *Globe* published considerably over a page of reports, and on matters of nice theological points it is only in such an extended account that we can find material upon which to base opinions as to general unity and unchangeable diversity.

The Baptist brethren, as represented by the Rev. James Grant, emitted what strong sectarians are fond of calling "no uncertain sound." Their historical confession includes amongst its tenets adult baptism, immersion, the exclusion of unregenerate persons from the church organization—having reference largely to baptized infants—and the rejection of history, tradition, and everything except the Bible as a rule of faith and practice. While largely in sympathy with the Baptists with regard to their historic stand as against church and state and in favor of the secularization of the schools, and while not opposed to their tenets in any respect, I find the great weakness of the Rev. Mr. Grant's position is that he insists upon the volume of inspiration being the sole rule and guide in matters of faith and practice, while at the same time insisting as a Baptist minister upon the Confession of Faith, a doctrine made by human hands as a test for membership in his church. If he believes in the Bible as sufficient and absolute, why does he permit human hands to tinker with it and human minds to interpret it for others when he says that in itself it is sufficient? It is at this point that a portion at least of Mr. Grant's case falls through.

I could not but admire Provost Boddy's sweet-

MISS BRADDON'S GREAT STORY BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE



# TWICE LOST:

A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.

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## CHAPTER XLIX. TWO WIDOWS.

"If you'll wait here a moment," said Mrs. Orr, "I'll fetch the bag." She made a significant gesture towards Edith who, when Mrs. Orr rose, had dropped into her mother's chair and covered her face with her hands.

Jeaters took Mrs. Orr's gesture to mean that if he had anything particular for Edith's ears now was his time to say it. He had not come back by design. The bag had really been forgotten, and his pocket book and keys were in it.

The girl's mind was collapsed. She had no interest whatever for herself in life. It would not have disturbed her if she were told she must die in the morning—that night. Had she got her choice she would have preferred to die rather than to live; to die that night rather than in the morning.

At the sight of her broken beauty a change came over Jeaters. He had seen her in two aspects before; the gay and blithesome girl who was prepared to go on and anywhere, and must lead the man who followed her to victory. Then he saw her stately and commanding, the woman who could not only control but compel.

Now he saw the broken beauty, the exquisite girl whose heart was in the grave, the sorrowing woman who had lost her love and all the golden future of her glowing fancy. Now he saw nothing but a lovely woman, weak, desolate, forlorn. At last manhood came into his veins and ennobled his heart. He did not now want her to lead him to success; he did not want her to compel destiny in his behalf. He wanted to stand between this precious creature and her sorrow, to shield her rare loveliness from care.

Jeaters leant over the counter and said very softly, in the tender voice of one speaking to the beloved sick, "Miss Orr, I went away because I could not bear to see you sad, and feel unable to say how sorry, how unexpressed sorry, the sight made me. If I had tried to tell you how sorry I was, I feared I might be carried away into saying more than that, and I feared what might slip from me might offend you, and I feared above all things on earth to pain or offend you. I have only one desire in life, and it is so overmastering I can think of nothing else day or night. My one thought, my only ambition, was hope that you would let me give you all I have; that you would take from me as a free gift, my heart, and life, and soul—all that I possess, in the hope that it might be of a little use to you. If you would let me, I could give you ease of mind about the vulgar affairs of life. I know there are business anxieties in your mother's mind. I could assure her future, no matter what became of you or me. I will not trouble you about my own feelings; I will only say if you can give me the right to devote my life to you and to shield you from pain and trouble, I will owe you the gratitude of all my life, the gratitude of the man you save from despair and destruction."

"I have nothing to give," she moaned; "nothing, nothing, nothing."

"I am not asking you to give anything. I am asking you to take all I can render."

"I am dead; I am in a dream. I do not want to live. I can give you nothing now; I could give you nothing later."

"All I ask of you is the right to wait upon you and guard you and sustain you with my arm."

"No just person could take so much for nothing."

"You give me all I ask for it—the right to care for you. Is not the bargain fair when you give me all I covet? And then you give me what neither you nor I can estimate—salvation. I did not mention that as a consideration at first, for I did not wish any consideration for my welfare to weigh with you. I did not intend saying anything about myself unless you told me you would take what I have to give. Then I intended falling on my knees and telling you with all the gratitude of my rescued soul that you had drawn me back from a desperate gulf, on the brink of which I hung, and that in saying you would take my hand you had saved my life, here and hereafter."

"Oh, but I have given all, and I have nothing left to give."

"Take all I have to give and save me!"

"If nothing is worth your taking you may have it. Why should I deny it to you? It is of no value to me—to anyone else."

Jeaters drew himself up from the counter over which he had been leaning towards Edith, who had not taken down her hands from her face. He drew a sharp breath, like a man who has been long under water. He stood irresolute, dazed, giddy. All things swam before his eyes. He said hoarsely, "Miss Orr, from my soul I thank you, and while the breath of life is in my body you shall never repent the words you have spoken now. You have saved me from the double death. The words you have said to me to-day will shine in gold above you in heaven."

"I found your bag, Mr. Fancourt," said Mrs. Orr, entering from the side door, "and I should have been here before this only the man brought Mrs. Blackwood's trunk and I had to wait while he was carrying it upstairs."

"Poor Mrs. Blackwood," said Edith in a low voice, as if to herself. "Her case is even harder than mine. She had a husband who cast her off."

"I think it will be better not," said he, making a sign to Mrs. Orr that he was right. "But I do not intend going far for the shelter of a roof. I must be near you to look after you now that Mr. Sherwin has left. I shall put up at my old friend Cresswell's. I understand he has been meditating suicide for loss of me. You must know, Mrs. Orr, that while you were kind enough to house me, I was always haunted by the uncomfortable feeling that I deprived you of your best rooms. Now you will have no occasion to let lodgings."

Edith had risen from her mother's chair, and the old woman was slowly making her way up to it inside the counter. On catching the significance of these words she paused, and would have sunk to the floor had not Jeaters run to her assistance. He and Edith helped her into her chair. "I only felt a—little weak," she said. "Although I ought not to be surprised at what I gather from what you say, I was surprised all the same. I hope, my dears, it will be for the best." She was by this time leaning back in her chair with one hand on each of the arms. Edith stood between her and the counter and Jeaters was leaning against the fixtures of the wall.

As she spoke Jeaters dropped to his knees, took lightly a hand of Edith's in one of his hands, and a hand of Mrs. Orr's in the other. The old woman's head raised to his lips and kissed reverently, and then the girl's. Herose, caught up his bag, hastened round the counter, and out of the front door, and was gone without a word.

Edith walked slowly out of the shop and upstairs to her room.

Mrs. Orr sat alone in her chair staring before her in a trance of relief, at which now and then crept a shiver of pain.

"It's a great blessing, a great mercy," she whispered to herself at last, "but I wish my child had married her own man."

It was a beautiful warm April evening when Edith arrived at Mrs. Natchbrook's to carry Pollie into her quarters at Muscovy place. The parting with the women at the Isle of Dogs was affecting; but they all drew great comfort from the reflection that they were not to be separated by any great distance, and that they could often see one another.

"You and Nancy will come to see Mrs. Blackwood and me on Sunday, and make my mother's acquaintance, and take tea with us!" and the good rubicund widow promised, and this arrangement took a good deal of the pain out of the parting.

On the way to Muscovy place Pollie seemed more calm and natural than she had been since Edith first met her months ago. She took an interest in things around her, and stopped to look into several shop windows. Edith could not keep her mind off the first time she had come that way with John Crane in the grave happiness of love awakening.

When they were crossing the river in the huge, ungainly ferry-boat, Pollie put her arm round her friend and said, "I think, Edith dear, I should be almost quite happy, as happy as I may ever hope to be on earth again, if I did not know how difficult it will be for me even if we are very lucky in getting work to avoid being a burden on you. I know you are not rich, and I know things have not been improving with you of late."

"Oh!" said Edith, with a shudder, "I forgot to tell you." She looked at her companion with a wan smile. "You will think me as feeble as the proverbial woman. It is only a few months since I met you first, and then I was engaged to be married to your cousin. Since I saw you to-day I have become engaged to Mr. Edward Fancourt, our handsome well-off lodger, for whom you marked the shirts so beautifully. I believe I am not to be poor any more. So that neither you nor I need trouble our heads about mere shillings at present. And, dear, if you do not mind, we need speak no more upon the subject. You will see Mr. Fancourt one of these days, and I have no doubt you will like him very much. Everyone who meets him does like him very much."

"With all my heart, dear, I hope you may be happy, and I don't see how you can be anything but happy. It would be worse than madness to refuse this handsome well-off man when all is over with the other."

"Whatever I may be I can never be happy, but I am quite resigned. I do not think I can be unhappy, for a heart cannot break twice."

"He will—he must be sure to you."

"I think he will. I am sure he means to be good, and everyone likes him," said Edith in a weary tone, as if the subject were dull and tiresome.

"I hope not quite everyone likes him," said Pollie, very gravely. "I knew one man that everyone liked, and—and—I married him, and—and—there was a time when all between us was over." With a wave of her hand she dismissed the subject of her own life, and reverting to Edith's said with a smile, "Come, if it is unlucky to marry a man everyone likes, I promise to break the spell in this case. I'll be the exception to the rule—I'll do like this Mr. Edward Fancourt that everyone else worships."

"You are so pretty and so bright to-day, Fannie," said Edith, with a smile, "that I shall be quite prepared for his wanting to give me up and marry you when he sees you."

Mrs. Orr received Pollie very graciously. She was now only too anxious to show her gratitude to Edith in any way, and if her daughter chose to fill the house with negroes she would hardly have objected. The mother knew no consideration for self had moved Edith to accept this man. Nay, she knew that if the girl had consulted her own feelings in the matter she would have rejected him without a moment's hesitation. Being able to afford a home to this unfortunate, helpless and deserted relative of her dead sweetheart had been one of the reasons why she had given her hand where no heart went with it, and if the

girl's beneficent intentions towards this Mrs. Fannie Blackwood were part of the consideration which weighed with Edith when she accepted Fancourt, it was only fair the girl should have unstinted and ungrudging indulgence in her whim.

Mrs. Orr suggested that as the first floor was now idle it ought to be occupied by Mrs. Blackwood. But Pollie would not hear of such a thing. Edith had promised to share her own room with her, and nothing would induce her to accept any other lodging in the house. Accordingly she was installed duly in Edith's room that night, and next morning Edith put her in the old straw easy chair, with a work basket on a small table by her side with some work on it. Below flowed the Thames, bright and clear and brisk, under an unclouded sun of great warmth for the season.

"I feel ever so much better already, dear," said Pollie, as she kissed the young girl for these arrangements had been made. "I feel strong and confident while I know you are near me. Isn't it strange that the river which once had such awful terrors for me, now seems like a friend?"

"I have always," said Edith, as she kissed her in return, "felt the Thames was my only friend—of course it is a fanciful and half-absurd idea; lots of what is best worth having in the mind is fanciful and half-absurd. But the Thames has of late lost one attraction for me. You see, when he went away, I often thought he might sail into the Thames, and because I thought he might I came to settle it that he would. And strange to say, in his last letter he said he should arrive in the Thames and come straight to Fancourt stairs as soon as he could leave the ship. But that is all over now—all over now—all over now!"

"Well, I have a strange fancy about the Thames," said Pollie. "I know my head has been queer lately, since I came to live on this side of the river, before I knew you. I do not know how much of what I seem to remember did really happen, or how much is fancy and dreams; but of late I have got it in my mind that if I could only be always by the river my head might come quite right and my memory grow clear, and that when my reason and memory were sound once more, I might be able to see that many things I now believe to have happened were only imagination, and that it might come back to me that much of what seems the memory of misery in my past life was only imagination, and that he—my man—may return one day and tell me he only stayed away till I was cured."

"I devoutly hope it may come true for you, dear Fannie. Your fancy may turn to fact for you. The written promise of my man can never come true. You are a widow whose husband is alive and I am a widow who has been never married."

## CHAPTER L.

### A LATE CUSTOMER AT MUSCOVY PLACE.

The days fell into a dull routine at Muscovy place. Pollie sat peacefully sewing in Edith's room. She would not go out; she would not go downstairs; she did not want to see anyone. On the Sunday when kind-hearted Mrs. Natchbrook and sympathetic Nancy came she was induced to take tea and spend the evening in the old-fashioned little parlor behind the shop. But this was the one exception. She half-playfully, half-superstitiously told Edith she was watching the river for what her fancy had made it promise her.

Edith left her room early, as of old, and Mrs. Staples brought up Pollie's meals. Two or three times a day Edith ran up to the lonely woman, and was always greeted with a smile. "I am getting well faster than the tide ever goes out," Pollie would say, and her appearance and her manner confirmed the words.

Jeaters had taken up his old quarters at Cresswell's, and displayed the greatest prudence and forbearance. He made one visit of but a few minutes every day, and never presumed upon his engagement beyond a little longer clasp of Edith's hand, or a little steadier gaze and a little tenderer tone of voice when he spoke to her. Any trifling attentions he showed were paid to the mother. He felt that the first thing he had to do was to convince the girl that he had been completely sincere when he said he did not expect anything from her. No stranger would have seen anything more in him than charming civility to the old woman and respectful interest towards the girl.

One day, about the middle of April, Jeaters said to Edith, as he was about to end his ordinary visit, "If you are in no way particularly engaged this evening, I should be greatly obliged if you would let me call. There are a few rather important matters I have to decide upon by to-morrow, and I should greatly like to have the advantage of your advice before finally making up my mind."

"Could we not talk of them now?" she asked.

He had seen a look of trouble and anxiety come into her face. "She thinks," thought he, "that I want her to fix something about the marriage. I must not press or hurry her about that." He said, "Well, no, I should like to have a few minutes' quiet talk with you. The matter is rather important. It is of a business kind, I may say," he added, smiling, "and has nothing to do with ceremonies or sentiment."

The look of unwillingness passed away from her face, and she said gratefully, "Very well; what time would suit you?"

"Any time after the shop is shut."

Although the Fancourt main road which crossed the top of Muscovy place was a busy place at nine o'clock of a fine night, Muscovy place itself was very quiet at that hour. At eight Mrs. Staples had gone for the night, Mrs. Orr had retired to her room, and Pollie was sitting in the old straw easy chair enjoying, at the open window, the Thames bathed in the light of the moon, and the air soft and warm enough for a couple of months later in the year. Pollie had been able to work unusually late that evening owing to the clear air and the broad, full moon, which came up at the going down of the sun.

Two floors below, at the open window of the parlor, Edith awaited the arrival of Jeaters. The light was burning in the shop, it being more convenient to let a visitor in through the shop door than through the hall. She kept the door from the parlor into the hall open so that she might hear in case her visitor knocked at

the hall door; she kept the door of communication between the parlor and the shop open so that his knock might not escape her if he came to the shop door.

Edith was not curious as to the business upon which Jeaters was going to consult her. He had as good as said it was not about an engagement ring or the date of their marriage. She had put John Crane's engagement ring away the day she accepted this man. She had no pleasure in John Crane's ring now that she had given her word to another. It was dead, like her dead self.

She had been sitting listlessly, thinking of nothing, with her eyes fixed on the waving sheet of marvelous silver the river made in the moonlight.

A knock came to the shop door. She rose, and as she went to answer it noticed, with a weary look, that it yet wanted five minutes of nine. She opened the door and held it open, expecting Jeaters to step briskly in. No one entered. She looked out. A thick-set, short man, in a pea jacket and a peaked cap, was standing on the flagged way.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said the man, touching his hat respectfully, "I know it's late, but if you would let me have it, I want a silver watch about five quid, if you please; any sort 'most would do."

"It's too late; come in the morning," said Edith, half closing the door.

He shrugged his shoulders. "The reason, ma'am, I made so bold as to ask was because no one can tell where the wages may be in the morning, once I lay hold of the booze. You see, I've only just come ashore after being paid off, and I want a watch, anyhow."

"Ships are not paid off at this time of night," said Edith suspiciously.

"Quite right, ma'am. We were paid off at twelve o'clock, but I had to do a job aboard and I've only just got it finished."

"But if you get the watch, and are so foolish as to drink, the watch will be no safer than your money," said Edith, still more suspiciously.

"Pardon, ma'am, but if you give me the watch and put it in a box for me I'll leave it with you to post for my girl in Gooles, and then I can't lose it."

Edith glanced out into the main road and saw that dozens of people were in sight. "Very well," said she; "come in."

The sailor stepped across the threshold. In the gas-light of the shop his appearance was less satisfactory. His hair was long and unkempt, his beard long and shaggy. His face and hands were black with grime and dirt.

The gold and silver were locked up in the safe. She left the shop door open and asked the man to sit on the one chair. She turned up the gas fully; as she did there was a double knock at the hall door. "Mr. Fancourt!" thought Edith, with a feeling of relief. "I shall feel safer with him in the parlor. I was beginning to feel sorry I had let this man in. Now I shall be all right."

She ran round through the parlor into the hall and said hastily to Jeaters, "Mr. Fancourt, will you excuse me a moment? I have a late customer—a man who wants to buy a watch; I'll be with you in a few minutes. Oh, I forgot to light the parlor gas. Will you light it, if you please?"

She hastened back to the shop and shut the door of communication between the parlor and the shop. She found the sailor seated as she had left him on the one chair just inside her father's bench and in front of the safe. The man looked very stupid. She suspected him of having "laid hold of the booze" already. She was in no hurry to go to the visitor in the back room, and yet—

She opened the safe and handed him the watches. "This is five guineas, this is five pounds, and this is four pounds ten," she said. She was careful to keep in the line of view through the door into the road.

He handled the watches clumsily, as if he were thick-fingered, half drunk. In the middle of the counter there was a bell handle which rang a bell in the parlor. Edith took a step nearer the bell handle. If she called out her voice must be heard in the parlor and the street. She thought this man would never decide. She was hoping he would decide to have none of the watches. She was beginning to feel uncomfortable at keeping "Mr. Fancourt" waiting so long, when he showed his tact and consideration. To let her know that he was not impatient or bored, he began to sing in a deep, rich, low baritone. She had never heard him sing before and she listened to his kindheartedness in letting her know he was at ease. She knew the song well. She told herself it had been suggested to him by looking out of the dark room on the blazing field of silver made by the moon upon the Thames. He was singing "As I view those scenes so charming," from *La Sonnambula*.

"I'll take this one, if you please, ma'am," said the sailor, holding out the one for five pounds. Only he was so ignorant and stupid he would know it was the worst bargain of the three.

She got a small wooden box and some wadding and put the watch in it.

"You have a safe here?" said the man, pointing.

"Yes," said she, feeling extremely uneasy, looking out to see that help was within call and backing towards the bell handle on the counter. He spoke gruffly, indistinctly, like one with something in his mouth—tobacco, no doubt.

Continued on Page Three.

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## Fashions Wise and Otherwise.

**A**JUDICIOUS critic remarks "that there is almost as much art displayed in the putting on of a hat as in concocting the article itself." Indeed, unless a woman is prepared to take infinite pains in this matter, she should not even attempt to wear these tricky new shapes at all. But they are very beguiling. For example, there is a wide felt hat of old pink, with the brim a trifle raised at the side, which, properly adjusted, frames the face delightfully. It was dressed with osprey and ostrich plumes, and a large velvet bow and buckle; but then, the shape is the principal thing. A set of pretty brides' mids' hats, now on exhibition, have wide brims of soft brown felt, the crowns of velvet in a rich shade of blue, with ospreys and brown ostrich feathers at one side. Soft felt brims, with velvet or cloth crowns of a contrasting shade, offer one of the smart novelties of the season. Some of the brims are cut up the back in two places, and the middle part curves upward like a high comb. The trimming is merely a wide spreading bow of ribbon with a full aigrette set up smartly in front. The softly curving Gainsborough, with its crown of plumes and drooping feathers, is becoming to every face and continues to be exceedingly fashionable. A touch of color is frequently added, and always with good taste, in the shape of two or more deep crimson or petunia tinted velvet roses. The boat-shaped hat in felt, with a colored cloth crown and ostrich tips, is one of the successes of the season. A bonnet of the Second Empire has a buckle in front made of turquoise and rubies, with square pointed ends standing well out at each side. The crown, of tomato velvet, is perfectly square. A charming bonnet for an old lady is made of petunia colored velvet and the pretty velvet roses of the same shade that are so very fashionable. An elongated bow of red velvet formed another bonnet, that was longer in shape and suited to the hair dressed low on the neck. It had donkey ears of velvet standing up over the forehead and turning downward at the back.

The very best modes from the Medici period will be adopted as time goes on, and even now some beautiful gowns are made after the epoch when Catharine ruled France. A costume of the time of Henri Trois is of a bold patterned yellow brocade, bordered with mousse miroir velvet edged with jet. The bodice is square, with an ample cape of velvet. Velvet capes with narrow fur borderings are quite a feature of the season. They can be small and full, reaching just to the shoulder; or longer, hovering half-way between the hip and knee; or very long, almost touching the ground. Of velvet or cloth, with narrow fur binding, they are worn by day and night. Some are entirely of sable. In violet velvet, lined with silk just matching the sable trimming, these cloaks are most beautiful. This color is in vogue again, for dresses as well as millinery, and it combines with sable or beaver, the two paramount favorites of the day. Any woman who possesses sables is to be envied, for they are the acme of modishness and can be used to any extent. Violet is so much the fashion of the moment that the shade is even used in veils which are powdered with graduated chenille dots, the largest being around the edge. Quilted silk tea gowns, especially in old pink, with a trimming of narrow fur, are cozy winter garments. Most of them have a Watteau back falling from the yoke. One recently prepared for a bride was in the palest shade of old pink satin, powdered with little flowers in a deeper shade, and had two widths of the same colored velvet, split in half, fastened to the front of the arm-hole, and then apparently tossed over the shoulders and allowed to fall back down each side of the plait. The front was plain and straight, with a deep jabot of point lace from neck to waist. The daintiest of petticoats are prepared for evening wear, such as white silk, with white, pale pink, blue or gold-colored flounces, partially veiled with cream-colored lace. This flouncing can be bought by the yard.

Just where the growth of sleeves will stop is a question that even the most vivid imagination fails to grasp. Some of the new models measure about forty-five inches around, and according to the best authorities they are still increasing in size. This fullness is located almost entirely between shoulders and elbows, the sleeves below fitting the arm quite closely. The genuine leg-o'-mutton sleeve, the one which is so realistic as to be almost painfully suggestive, is occasionally seen, but is not liked as well as the puffy one, that which is fullest just above the elbow. There are various ways of trimming the sleeves, among the latest being a band of very elaborate passementerie set around the sleeve just below the puff. In some cases it has points which extend down the sleeve toward the wrist. Collars are plain and high, revers are very wide, some of them extending back well over the shoulders. Almost all waists are fancifully trimmed or finished in some way other than plain; indeed, the plain waist is quite the exception. This portion of the garment seems to be especially arranged as a foundation upon which to sew fine trimming or gathered, shirred, plaited or festooned trimming material. A model which is as attractive as any has a plain round waist, full-topped velvet sleeves, velvet yoke and a plaited bertha also of velvet, edged with the most trimming now so popular; or, if for out-of-door wear, with a tiny band of fur. The waist is somewhat curved out over the hips, and is longer than the average round body. It recalled the old-time waist, which was finished with a cord and sewed to the skirt.

The newest skirts have gored apron fronts, side gores perfectly straight on the front edges, and a sort of triangular-shaped back piece. They are very graceful and, what is quite as much to the purpose for many people, are easy to make. The foundation skirt is entirely omitted by many dressmakers, the outside material and lining being cut and made up together. A great deal of gloria is used for lining these skirts; and while they are very light and manageable they are not at all inclined to drag, nor are they limp enough to be objectionable. If a little more stiffness is desired at the hem it is very easy to put a facing of alpaca or

brilliantine exactly the color of the goods. This should be put on with the greatest care. It must either be an exact bias, or, what is much better, cut precisely the shape of the outside material. If care is not used in this particular, the skirt is absolutely certain to hang badly. The trimmings at the hems of skirts must be put on with the greatest nicety for the same reason. It is not an uncommon thing to see a dress skirt with the material sagging over the band of trimming at the hem. This is fatal to style or beauty, and must be carefully guarded against, especially when the entire length of the skirt, with the exception of this narrow band, must hang from the belt. Before putting on the band, the skirt should be shaken and smoothed, so that no sagging can occur. It is a good plan to put the belt on first, then adjust the skirt to the proper length, carefully baste the outside and lining together for almost the entire length of the skirt; then finish at the bottom, and put on the trimming before the bastings are taken out.

LA MODE.

## Individualities.

It is said that before Sara Bernhardt was allowed to appear in any of her plays in Vienna, she was compelled to appear before the official judges in the different costumes she intended to wear.

Donaldson Caffery of St. Mary's parish, Baton Rouge, has been appointed by Governor Foster of Louisiana to be a senator of the United States, to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Gibson.

Queen Victoria has at last given her consent to the removal of the body of the Duke of Clarence from Windsor to Sandringham, the home he loved so well. It was the wish of the Princess of Wales that this change should take place.

W. T. Stead, one of the foremost journalists of London, gives it as his conviction, after recent experience with spirit-writing, that before many months the immortality of the soul and the possibility of communicating with the dead would be facts established by indubitable scientific proof.

Some amusement has been caused at the Court of The Hague by the decidedly characteristic Christmas present which has been sent to the little Queen Wilhelmine by the Emperor of Germany. The gift is contained in a number of large boxes, and consists of lead soldiers representing all the regiments in the German army.

The Rev. Henry S. Lunn, M.D., a Wesleyan minister of London, with the assistance of the son of the Bishop of Worcester, is making arrangements for a Christian reunion and pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to take place in the autumn. Archdeacon Farrar and a number of bishops will take part in the pilgrimage. Archdeacon Farrar will deliver six lectures in Jerusalem.

Mr. Huxley looks years younger since he changed his residence from London to Eastbourne. When he is not paying flying visits to town, where he frequents the Athenaeum and other abodes of learning, Mr. Huxley (says the *Bookman*) may be frequently found in his country garden, deep in the pursuit of horticulture, in which he has developed a great interest.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, of World's Fair fame, it is said, has granted to the National Council of Women, now in session in Chicago, space on the Fair grounds for members of this council to appear and demonstrate by exhibition the superiority of their adopted dress reform skirt over the more modest dress of conventionality. The chief feature of the new costume is that its skirt reaches only midway between the knee and the top of the shoe.

George W. Childs says of the three hundred girls he has educated that the teachers and nurses and the graduates of law and medicine have, without exception, been successful, while those who were ambitious for public careers have met with but ordinary success. Those trained for elocutionists have made most money. To girls of musical ability has been given every advantage possible in the way of home and foreign training, and the salaries earned by them range from \$500 to \$5,000.

The Queen is expected to reside at Osborne until the middle of February, when her Majesty will return to Windsor Castle for a month before proceeding to Florence. The Queen is to leave Windsor for the Continent on either March 15 or 22, and her Majesty will be accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and attended by the Dowager Lady Churchill, Sir Henry Ponsonby, Major Bigge, the Indian Secretary, and a Maid of Honor. The Queen will cross the Channel from Portsmouth to Cherbourg in the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, and her Majesty is to travel direct from the French port to Florence.

Monsignor Satolli is having a lively time of it in this country, trying to settle the numerous church disputes which are continually being submitted to him, and his various reports to the Holy See are evidently anything but pleasing to the Pope. The Vatican is much surprised at the opposition which begins to be manifested against the results of the conference of archbishops recently held in New York city and the proposals of Monsignor Satolli. It is affirmed that the Pope and Cardinals Rampolla and Ledochowski have expressed their discontent on the matter, and that the Pope will shortly take important action concerning the agitation in America, with a view to ending the dissensions which exist in the church.

M. Bartholdi, the sculptor who made the Statue of Liberty for New York harbor, met with a curious adventure a short time ago. It appears that on a certain day there called at his studio in Paris a young and charming woman who claimed to be a model, and asked if he would take a cast of her hands, which were unusually well formed. Bartholdi consented and, having done so, paid her the usual price. A day or two afterwards another female, who was neither young nor beautiful, called upon the sculptor and informed him she was the mother of the model and demanded an additional sum of money. Upon Bartholdi's refusal to pay any more the woman belabored him savagely with her umbrella and abused him in violent terms.

## Twice Lost.

Continued from Page Two.

"You will put the watch in the safe. The watch will be all secure and in the morning you will post the watch?"

"Yes." Would he never give her the address and the money, and go? The slinging had now ceased, and her impatience and uneasiness began to grow almost unbearable.

The sailor put his elbows on his knees and his chin on his hand, bending forward and seating himself at ease as if he were going to stay for hours. "I've just come back from foreign parts," said he, fixing his eyes on the ground as if concentrating his mind for a long yarn, "and while I was in the westernmost Atlantic I met a man who told me if ever I wanted anything in the way of a timepiece and honesty to come here. I've got the timepiece and now I want the honesty."

"You want the honesty?" she said. "How the honesty? You have got a watch which is honest value at the price, though if you had left the choice to me it is not the one I should have selected."

"The watch is all right, ma'am," said he, in his clumsy, heavy voice and way. "But it's something else I want the honesty about. You see, the man I speak of gave me a small parcel and said I was to bring it here and leave it here for him in care of Mrs. Orr, to be left till called for. And the honesty comes in this way: The parcel was in a box when he gave it to me, and the box has got smashed, and the leather bag, which was inside the box and was sealed, has got burst, and the things that were in the leather bag have got loose. I want you, ma'am, to give me a receipt for them, such as they are. I want you to put them in the safe and keep them until the person that owns them calls. I reckon they must be worth money past telling, well nigh. Look at them and count them. I make out three hundred and two stones of all colors."

He handed her a chamois bag. She took a baize-covered tray and split the contents of the bag out on it under the gas. With a cry of astonishment she ran her fingers through the pile of glittering gems. Then she eyed a few closely. "Why," she said, looking at the sailor, who had not changed his attitude, except that he was now gazing up into her face, "they are real and of great size! I never saw so great a heap before. They are of enormous value."

"The man that gave them to me, and told me to leave them here, said they were worth twenty-five to thirty thousand pounds."

"The man who gave them to you and told you to bring them here! Who was he?" said Edith, retreating to the counter for support and placing the tray of gems out of her hand, for her limbs had begun to quake.

"Well, it's a long story, but from what I could make out it was his wish that if anything happened to him the stones were to be Miss Edith Orr's, the lady I am talking to, by what he told me of her."

"O, God!" she said, "and that awful thing has happened to him?"

"I've heard there were rumors of the loss of the ship and all hands, but then he was very lucky always, and he may have escaped. In fact, I think there is reason to believe he is alive." The sailor rose from the chair.

She crossed the floor, and falling on her knees before him, lifted her arms to him until her clasped hands touched his face. "If there is mercy in your heart, for God's sake tell me why you think so."

"Because I know. Because I am sure."

"How?"

"Because I am he!"

Edith sprang to her feet and backed away from the speaker. She stretched out a pair of trembling hands to him, and would have fallen, only that he sprang forward and caught her in his arms.

At that moment the yell of a man and the shriek of a woman burst upon the ear.

(To be Continued.)



## A Smitten Conscience.

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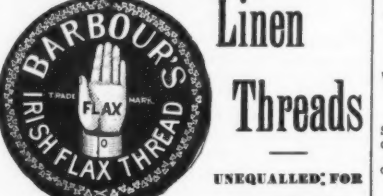
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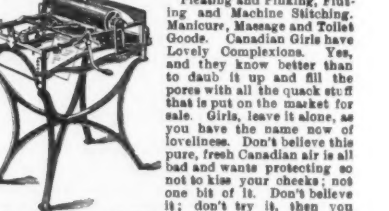
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## Out of Town.

## Brantford.

Theater-goers experienced an unusual treat on Saturday evening, when two of America's most promising elocutionists made their first appearance before a Brantford audience in the Grand Opera House. Miss Garrison and Miss Eva Woodbridge are Detroit young ladies who are visiting Mrs. Wellington Hunt and whose charming manner and prepossessing appearance at once won for them the hearts of their listeners. American papers are loud in their praises and those who had the good fortune to secure seats for their performance had their hopes more than realized. The following programme was rendered with excellent effect:

PROGRAMME  
1. GARDEN SCENE FROM HURCHBACK.  
Julia—Miss Garrison. Helen—Miss Woodbridge.  
2. LASCA.  
3. SAMANTHA'S ADVICE TO THE BRIDE.  
4. PAULINE PAVLOVA.  
Scene—St. Petersburg. Ball Room of the Winter Palace of the Prince. Present time.  
Pauline Pavlova } Miss Garrison.  
Natalia }  
Count Sergius Pavlovich—Miss Woodbridge.  
5. PRO PATRIA ET GLORIA.  
6. THE MISSIONARY MAN'S EYES.  
MUSIC.

The first selection demanded considerable dramatic ability and was ably carried out by the fair elocutionists. Lasca was a sketch of Mexican life—a sad little affair of love and death—and Miss Garrison thrilled the audience by the deep intensity with which she portrayed some of the dangers of Mexican prairie life, and was loudly encored, giving in response A Fable, an amusing story of child-life. Samantha's Advice to the Bride, as the title suggests, was quaint and witty, abounding in droll impressions, and Miss Woodbridge in her old-fashioned costume and with shaking curls arranged on each side of her face formed an inimitable Samantha. She possesses a perfect idea of the ludicrous, and rendered the selection with amusing cleverness. She was vociferously encored but refused to respond. Pauline Pavlova was a Russian sketch of the present time. The costumes were elegant and suited to the surroundings. This was undoubtedly the best piece of the evening and each elocutionist performed her part with undoubted dramatic power. Miss Garrison recited Pro Patria et Gloria and The Missionary Man's Eyes with exceeding cleverness, the former selection being a patriotic one, which was rendered with true patriotic fervor, and the latter a laughable child-study, Miss Garrison portraying a youthful reprobate with easy grace and child-like intensity. Their reappearance in Brantford will be eagerly looked forward to, and Miss Garrison and Miss Woodbridge may feel assured of a successful elocutionary tour.

## FORTESCUE.

## Flesherton.

A very pretty wedding occurred here on January 11, at the residence of the bride's parents, when Miss Annie Stewart, daughter of Mr. George Stewart, was married to Mr. Ezra White, also of this place. Rev. Mr. Wells officiated, Miss Lizzie Stewart being bridesmaid and Mr. George White groomsmen. After the ceremony the guests sat down to an elegant dinner, followed by an evening of delightful dancing. Among those present were: Miss Bush of Markdale, Mrs. Stewart of Galt, Miss Vandusen, Miss Damude, Mr. and Mrs. Crossley, Mr. and Miss Wright, Mr. and Miss Gibson, Mr. Mark Stewart, Miss Belle Stewart and Miss Wells.

## St. Catharines.

One of the most enjoyable events of last week was the dance given by Mrs. Chas. I. Benson, Ann street. Mr. and Mrs. Benson were assisted in receiving the guests by Miss Benson, who was becomingly gowned in pink. Mrs. Benson wore black silk trimmed with lace. Three charming young girls, Miss May Benson, Miss Nellie King and Miss Josie Kane waited on the guests at supper, which was served in the dining-room. Those present were: Judge Benson of Port Hope, Mrs. Calvin Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hamilton Ingersoll, Mrs. W. T. Benson, Dr. and Mrs. Merritt, Miss Ingersoll, Miss Eccles, Miss Gretchen Clark, the Misses Merritt, the Misses Larkin, the Misses Fenton, Miss McLaren, Miss King, Miss Annie Nay, Miss Jenkins, Miss Beale Clark, Miss Hurson, Miss Bellis, Miss Dawson, Miss Marion Coy, Miss A. Shaw, Miss Roblin and Messrs. Reynolds, Collier, White, Stuart, McClean, Ramage, Chaterton, King, Anderson of Thorold, Dawson, McDonald, Coy, Sangster, Helliwell, Dawson and Campbell. Some of the dresses worn were very pretty. Mrs. Ingersoll wore white silk and chiffon; Miss Eccles, pink silk; Miss Fenton, mauve and white, trimmed with violets; Miss Dawson, yellow silk, with brown velvet sleeves; Miss Burson, pale yellow net over silk; Miss Larkin, green surah silk; Miss Helen Merritt, yellow silk.

The At Home given by Mrs. S. L. St. John last Wednesday afternoon was one of the largest and most delightful ones of the season. Mrs. Downey and Mrs. C. Downey of Chicago and Miss St. John assisted the hostess in receiving the guests. In the dining-room the delectable refreshments were served: Mrs. Holmes presided at the tea-table, and those who attended were: Miss Rykert, Miss Kate Clark, Miss Holmes, Miss McCallum, Miss Currie, Miss Larkin. Among the numerous guests present were: Mrs. T. R. Merritt, Miss Benson, Mrs. Calvin Brown, Mrs. T. L. Helliwell, Mrs. J. P. Merritt, Mrs. H. G. Hunt, Mrs. Burson, Mrs. Armitage, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Welland Woodruff, Mrs. Barnum, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Henry Carlisle, Mrs. F. O. Cross, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Mrs. H. M. Helliwell, the Misses Nellies, Miss Larkin, Miss Fenton, Miss Bate, Miss Beale Clark, Miss Marion Coy, Miss Atkinson, Miss Chaplin, Miss Margaret Dawson, Miss McLaren, Miss Annie Nay, Miss Jenkins, Miss Murray, Miss Burson, Miss Ball and many others.

Miss Cassie Merritt of Oak Hill gave a five o'clock tea on Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Calvin Brown of Chicago.

Mrs. Robert McLaren gave a very pleasant tea on Friday in honor of Mrs. Downey of Chicago.

Miss Annie Larkin left on Saturday for an extended visit with friends in Baltimore.

Miss Bellis is the guest of Mrs. Hamilton Merritt of King street.

Miss Helen Austen is the guest of Miss McGuire of Queen street.

A large number of St. Catharines people visited Niagara Falls last week.

Miss Gretchen Clark of Chippawa is visiting Miss Benson of Ann street.

Judge Benson of Port Hope was in town last week.

Miss E. Pauline Johnson, the famous Indian poet reciter, gave a recital at the Collegiate Institute here on Friday evening of last week. The hall was crowded with a large and delighted audience.

Miss Ball of Niagara was the guest of the Misses Nellies last week.

CHAT.

## Walkerton.

On Thursday last Mrs. Green gave a most successful progressive euchre party. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Durnford and Miss Eggleston. There was a keen contest for the very pretty prizes, Mrs. Hay, Mr. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson being the happy winners. There were some very pretty dresses worn: The hostess in mauve and black; Mrs. Durnford, white crepon; Miss Eggleston, white camel's hair cloth with gold passementerie; Mrs. Shaw, black silk with jet trimmings; Mrs. Cargill, black satin with diamonds; Mrs. Tucker, black and bellotrope; Mrs. O'Connor, yellow satin and black lace; Mrs. Barrett, black silk and jet; Mrs. Hodder, pale blue silk and crepon; Mrs. Robertson, figured cream delaine; Mrs. Gibson, black silk and jet; Mrs. G. P. Hay, pale blue silk, with velvet sleeves; Mrs. E. Kerr, white cashmere, with gold passementerie; Miss Shaw, black lace and silver; Mrs. Porter, cream figured delaine; Mrs. McNamara, black and silver; Mrs. Fox, black satin and lace; Mrs. Klein, black silk and jet; Miss Carey, yellow satin. Among the gentlemen present were noticed: H. Cargill, M.P., Judge Barrett, A. Shaw, Q.C., Dr. Porter, Messrs. F. O'Connor, Robertson, W. McLean, Hodder, Fox, Hay, McKee, Klein, Gibson and McNamara.

JUNE.

## An Old Admirer.

Scene—A dinner at the Van Ogdens'.

Reggy Westend (to himself)—Here's a sell! They've given me the stupidest girl in the whole room. I wonder who the little darling on my left is. Something deucedly familiar about the back of her neck. I wish she'd turn her face this way. By Jove! (aloud) Mae! Miss Carhart! What a lucky duffer I am!

Miss Carhart (coolly)—Mr. Westend, I believe!

Reggy—You believe! Oh, say, that's good. Have you really forgotten me, or are you just angry because I haven't called? I couldn't, you know. I've been away. Been out West: across the pond: down the Mediterranean: Alaska: Calcutta: Buenos Ayres: Japan: Norway: all over the place.

Miss Carhart (languidly)—And why did you come back?

Reggy—Really had to; found I couldn't live without you. Even the Desert of Sahara was a barren waste. Yearned for boyhood's happy home and old friends, you know. Aren't you delighted to see me?

Miss Carhart (with forced politeness)—I am charmed. Tell me some more about Japan. Reggy—You don't act charmed. That ice-maiden business reminds me of the first time I ever tried to kiss you. Ah, I'm coming up some evening this week to talk over those old Spoon Lake days.

Miss Carhart (biting her lip)—Well, really, I am out so much.

Reggy (cheerfully)—Oh, yes, of course, to other fellows; but you won't be to me. Gad! I often think of Spoon Lake. Never had such a jolly time since. Awfully gone little girl, eh? And I was head over heels in love myself. Never were engaged though; were we?

Miss Carhart (raising her voice)—And so you spent six months in Italy? (In a lower tone)—I should hope not.

Reggy—Who said anything about Italy? You didn't "hope not" once. Neither did I. I was quite in earnest. Oh, you needn't lift your eyebrows; I was, I assure you.

Miss Carhart—Yes, I like Americans Abroad better than Aristocracy.

Reggy—Bother Americans Abroad! What's the matter with you, Mae? I don't know what to make of you. You used to be the sweetest and most friendly little girl. Never knew anyone so affectionate. Awfully changed now! Perhaps you don't like my beard! I'll shave it off! If I could touch your hand just once under the table: here's mine, dear.

Miss Carhart—Oh, the acting is much better.

Reggy—What acting! Oh, Mae, how can you be so cruel! Let us kiss and be friends again. "Should old flirtations be forgot," you know. Your heart was all mine once; why can't I have a little corner of it now?

Miss Carhart—Yes, we still live on the corner. (In a whisper) O, hush; do hush!

Reggy—What for? Mrs. Van Ogden knows what spoons—

Miss Carhart (desperately)—Do be quiet! I'm engaged, if you must know it!

Reggy—Engaged! By Jove! And to whom?

Miss Carhart (bitterly)—To the man on the other side of me. And he has very good ears!

Reggy—O—h—er—I say, you know. Awfully sorry! All a joke; never met you before!

Mistook you for Miss—er—Miss—er—Miss Wabash of Chicago. Deucedly pretty girl. Looks just like you. Beastly blunder!

Miss Carhart—A horrible blunder! Guides are so careless. If he had let you fall into that crevasse on the Matterhorn!

Reggy (servently)—By Jove, I wish he had!

—Life.

## Gave Maria a Lesson

Evidently there is no servant girls' protective union in London, or, if there is, the young woman mentioned below did not belong to it. Think of such a thing happening to one of our own toplesty servant girls! A German merchant in London has a servant who at first was very forgetful.

This fault was especially annoying at meal times, when something essential was sure to be lacking from the table. One day the family were seated at the table, and the bell was rung as usual. The girl hurried to the dining-room.

"Maria," said Herr B—, "just run and

fetch the big step ladder down from the attic and bring it here." Maria, who had been disturbed at her dinner, gave a grunt of dissatisfaction, but ran up three flights of stairs to fetch the ladder. In about five minutes she returned to the room, panting with her exertion.

"Now," said Herr B—, "put it up at that end of the room and climb to the top."

Maria did as she was told, and when she was at the top Herr B— quietly observed:

"Maria, you have now got a better view than we have, just look around and see if you can see any salt on the table. My wife and I could not find it."

This settled the business. Maria has never forgotten the lesson.—*Epworth Herald*.

## Wasn't Equal to His Name.

He was a small boy traveling with his father and mother on a train, and the way in which he war-whooped up and down the car also made him a terror to the other passengers.

"Sit still," said his father in a fog-horn voice; "how can I hear myself think when you're making such a racket?"

"There, there, Johnny, dear, you disturb pa," said his fond mother.

But the infant terror kicked and cried and

refused to keep one position a second at a time.

"I'd like to have the raisin' of that boy, I just would," said a sharp-featured woman who had her knitting along.

"I wouldn't mind having a hand in it myself," said a man who was regarding the youngster with murder in his eye.

"Sit still, Johnny dear," said his mother placidly, for the nine hundredth time.

"Why don't you call him John? He might pay more attention to you then," said the father crossly.

"What's in a name?" asked the mother.

"By any other name he would be our Johnny still."

"Then for heaven's sake give him another name," retorted his pa, "for he hasn't been still a moment with the one he has."

Then he plugged his ears with cotton, while the other passengers encored his last remark.—*Detroit Herald*.

## Discounting Fate.

Willie Nolan—I wish you would give me a good lickin' right now.

Teacher—Why, Willie, what have you done?

Willie Nolan—Nothin'; but there's goin' to be a circus in town to-morrow an' I want to enjoy it without any disturbing thought.

## A Fashionable Dressing Case.



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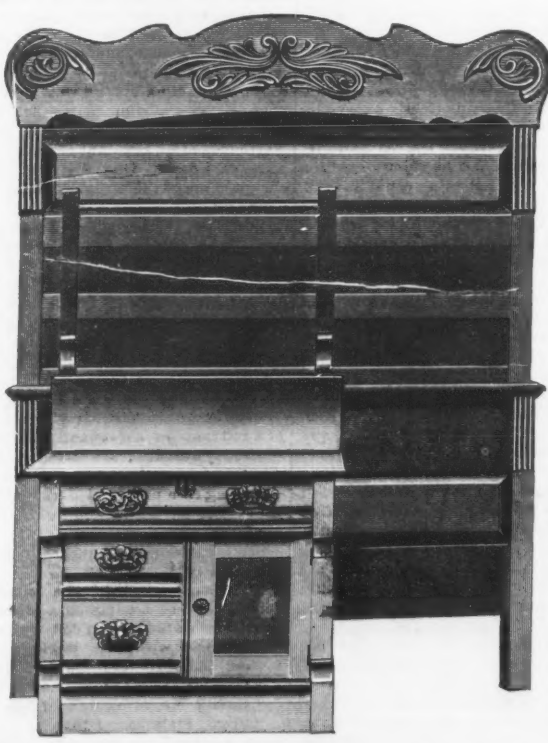
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OUR firm having this week purchased, FOR CASH, from the liquidator of the estate of a large wholesale manufacturing firm the whole of their new and very choice stock of Furniture at 60 cents on the dollar on their cost, will, for the next two months, sell same at special low prices and allow off all net purchases 20 per cent. discount. As our present stock is the newest in the city, and includes the latest designs in Sideboards, Bed Suites, Hall Racks, Tables, Cabinets, Desks, and a very choice variety of Upholstered Goods, this gives buyers a rare chance to get genuine bargains.

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# All Along the River

By MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Venetians, or All in Honor," "Aurora Floyd," "The Cloven Foot," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Just As I Am," "Taken at the Flood," "Phantom Fortune," "Like and Unlike," "Wavers and West," Etc., Etc.

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## CHAPTER I.

THE RAIN SET EARLY IN TO-NIGHT.

It had been raining all the morning, and it was raining still, in that feeble and desultory manner which presages a change of some kind, when the postman came with the long-expected Indian letter.

He was later than usual. It was nearly two o'clock, and Isola had been watching for him since one, watching with an unread book in her lap and her untasted luncheon upon the table. She had been sitting by the open window, looking out at the wet landscape, the glistening hedge-row and dull gray river, with the great green hill beyond, a steep slope of meadow land, dotted with red cattle, and so divided by hedge-rows as to look like a Titanic chessboard.

At last she heard the familiar tread of the postman's heavy boots, and saw his shining oilskin hat moving above the edge of the hedges, and heard the click of the iron latch as he came into the little garden.

She called to him from the window, and he came tramping across the sodden grass and put her letters into her outstretched hand.

One from her married sister in Cadogan place. That would keep. And one—the long-looked-for Indian letter, which she tore open eagerly, and read hurriedly, devouring the close lines in the neat, black penmanship, with its decided up and down strokes and legible characters, so firm, so strong, so straightforward, like the pature of the man who wrote the letter.

The tears sprang to her eyes as she came to the end, and her hand crushed the thin paper in a paroxysm of vexation or despair.

"Six months—perhaps a year before he can come back, and I am to go on living here—alone, unless I like to send for a girl, whose face I never saw, to keep me company and cheer me with her good spirits. I want no strange girls. I want no one's good spirits. I hate people with good spirits. I want him, and nobody but him! It is hard that we should be parted like this. I should have gone with him, in spite of all the doctors in Christendom."

She relented towards the letter which her feverish hand had used so badly. She smoothed out the flimsy paper carefully with that pretty little hand, and then she re-read the husband's letter, so full of grave tenderness and fond, consoling words.

He was with his regiment in Burma, and the present aspect of things gave him no hope of being able to return to England for the next half year, and there was no certainty that the half year might not be stretched into a whole year. The separation could not be more irksome to his dearest Isola than it was to him, her husband of little more than a year; but not for worlds would he have exposed her to the risks of that climate. He took comfort in thinking of her in the snug little Cornish nest, with his good Tabitha.

Isola kissed the letter before she put it in her pocket, and then she looked round the room rather dolefully, as if the Cornish nest were not altogether paradise. And yet it was a pretty little room enough, half dining-room, half study, with well bound books on carved oak shelves, and photographs and bright draperies, and cosily cushioned bamboo chairs, and a bird cage and Persian cat, and the garden outside was not flowerless, even on the threshold of winter. The purple blossoms of the veronica were untouched by frost; there were pale tea roses gleaming yonder against the dark gloss of holly and laurel. There were star-shaped single dahlias of vivid red, like spots of flame; and close under the window, last splendor of departed summer, the waxen chalice of a lily aurum trembled on its tall stem and filled the room with perfume.

The rain was over—the monotonous drip, drip, which had irritated Isola's nerves all that morning, had ceased at last. She left the modest little lunch untouched upon the table, and went out into the hall, where her hat and jacket hung handy for any impromptu ramble. No need to look at oneself in the glass before going out of doors, at twenty years of age, and in such a place as Trelasco. Isola took her stick from the stand, a green orange stick, bought in the sunny South, on her way to Venice with her husband last year, a leisurely trip, which had been to them as a second honeymoon after a few happy months of wedlock. Then had come the sadness of parting, and a swift and lonely return journey for the young wife—a lonely return to the Angler's Nest, Trelasco, that cozy cottage between Lostwithiel and Fowey, which Major Disney had bought and furnished before his marriage. He was a son of the soil, and he had chosen to pitch his tent in that remote spot for the sake of old associations, and from a fixed belief that there was no locality of equal merit for health, beauty, and all other virtues which a man should seek in his home.

Isola rarely touched that stick without remembering the day it was bought—a rainy day in Milan—just such a day as this, a low, gray sky, and an oppressive mildness of atmosphere. She remembered with the sick pain that goes with long partings how she and her husband had dawdled away an afternoon in the Victor Emmanuel Gallery, buying handkerchiefs and neck ties, a book or two, a collection of photographs, and finally the orange stick.

She went out to walk down her depression before tea-time, if possible. She went along a narrow path to the river, then turned into a road that skirted those green pastures which rose sheer till the ragged edge of the topmost boundary seemed to touch the dim, gray sky. She passed the village inn, dead as a clatter at this season and at this hour. She passed the half-dozen decent cottages, and the three or four gentler houses, each in its neatly kept garden, and she walked with quick, light step along the wet road, her useful tailor-gown well clear of the mud, her stick striking the

hedge-row now and then, as she swung it to and fro in dreamy thought.

A long, lonely winter to look forward to—a winter like the last—with her books and drawing-board, and her cottage piano, and the cat and the fox-terriers, and Tabitha for her daily companions. There were a few neighbors within a radius of half a dozen miles, who had been very civil to her; who called upon her say once in six weeks; who sometimes invited her to a stately dinner party, and sometimes at a suspiciously short notice, which made her feel she was wanted to fill a gap; who made her free of their tennis lawns; and who talked to her on Sundays after church, and were always very particular in enquiring for any news from India. There was not one among them for whom she cared; not one to whom she would have liked to pour out her thoughts about Keats or Shelley, or to whom she would have confided her opinion of Byron. She liked Bulwer's Audley Egerton better than any of those flesh and blood neighbors. She was happier sitting by her chimney corner with a novel than in the best society available within a drive of Trelasco.

She struck off the high road into a lane, a lane that led to the base of a wilder hill than that



Lord Lostwithiel stood bareheaded in the rain.

where the red cattle were grazing. The crest of the hill was common land, and dark fir trees made a waving line against the autumn sky, and the view from the summit was wide and varied, with a glimpse of the great brown cliffs and the dark gray sea far off to the west, to that dim distance where the Dodman shut off the watery way to the new world. On the landward slope of that wild-looking ridge was the Mount, Lord Lostwithiel's place, uninhabited for the greater part of the year except by servants, his lordship being the very last kind of man to bury himself alive in a remote Cornish fastness, a long day's journey from the London theaters and the Thames Yacht Club.

Who was Lord Lostwithiel? Well, in the estimation of Trelasco he was the only nobleman in England, or say that he was to all other peers as the sun to the other planets. He belonged to Trelasco by reason of his large landed estate and the accident of his birth, which had taken place at the Mount, and although his character and way of life were not altogether satisfactory to the village mind, Trelasco made the best of him.

Isola Disney climbed the hill, an easy matter to light-footed twenty. She stood amidst the tall fir columns, and looked down at the November landscape, very distinctly defined in the soft, gray atmosphere. She could see the plough moving slowly across the red earth in the fields below, the clumsy farm horses, white against the deep, rich red. She could see the winding river, blueish gray, between its willow banks, and far off towards Fowey wooded hills, where the foliage showed orange and tawny and russet and dun color between the blue-gray water and the pale, gray sky.

She loved this wild, lonely hill, and felt her spirits rise in this lighter atmosphere as she stood resting against the scaly trunk of the fir, with the wind blowing her hair. It was a relief to escape from the silence of those empty rooms, where she had only the sleepy Persian cat or the hyper-intelligent fox-terrier for company. There was a longer and more picturesque way home than that by which she had come. She could descend the other side of the hill, skirt the gardens of the Mount by a path that led through the park, and which was free to foot passengers. It was one of her favorite walks, and she was so accustomed to seeing the shutters closed at the great house that she never expected to meet anyone more alarming than a farm servant or a cottager's child upon the footpath.

There was a thick chestnut copse upon one side, and that wide expanse of undulating turf, with an occasional clump of choice timber, upon the other. The house stood on higher ground than the park, and was hemmed in and hidden by shrubberies that had overgrown the intention of the landscape gardener who planned them. Only the old gray stone gables, with their heavy slabs of slate, and the tall clustered chimneys, showed above the copper beeches, and deciduous, the laurels, and junipers, and Irish yews, and the shining masses of arbutus with their crimson berries gleaming amongst the green. Isola had never seen that old Manor House nearer than she saw it to-day, from the path which was a public right of way through the park. She knew that the greater part of the building dated from the reign of Charles II., but that there were older bits, and that about the whole, and about the ancient rooms and passages most especially there were numerous legends and

traditions and historical associations, not without the suspicion of ghosts. The Mount was not a show place, like the home of the Treffrys at Fowey, and of late years it had been very seldom inhabited, except by certain human fossils who had served the house of Hulbert for two generations. She had often looked longingly at those quaint old gables, those clustered stone chimneys, likening the house amidst its overgrown shrubberies to the Sleeping Beauty's Castle, and had wished that she were on friendly terms with one of those drowsy old retainers.

"I dare say if I were daring enough to open one of the doors and go in I should find them all asleep," she thought, "and I might explore the house from cellar to garret without awakening anybody." She was too depressed and disappointed to-day to give more than a careless, unseeing glance at those many gables as she walked along the muddy path beside the dripping copse. The chestnut boughs were nearly bare, but here and there a cluster of bright yellow leaves were still hanging, shining like pale gold in the last watery gleams of the sun; and though the leaves were lying sodden and brown among the rank, wet grass, there were emerald mosses and cool, green ferns, and red and orange fungi to give color to the foreground, and to the little vistas that opened here and there amidst the tangle of underwood.

Those final yellow gleams were fading low down in the western sky as Isola turned her face towards the river and the Angler's Nest, and just above that pale radiance of a watery sunset there stretched a dense black cloud, like a monstrous iron bar, which she felt must mean mischief. She looked at that black line apprehensively. She was three miles from home, without waterproof cloak or umbrella, and with no available shelter within three-

quarters of a mile. She quickened her pace, watching the fading light and lowering cloud, expecting thunder, lightning, hail, she knew not what. A sudden deluge resolved all her doubts. Torrential rain! That was the meaning of the inky bar above the setting sun. She looked round her helplessly. Should she dart into the copse, and try to shelter herself amidst those leafless twigs, those slender withies and saplings? Better to face the storm and plod valiantly on. Her neat little cloth gown would not be much the worse for a ducking, her neat little feet were accustomed to rapid walking. Should she run? No; useless when there were three miles to be got over. A brisk, steady tramp would be better. But brave as she was, that fierce rain was far from pleasant. It cut into her eyes and blinded her. She had to grope her way along the path with her stick.

"Pray let me take you to the house," said a voice close beside her, a man's voice, low and deep, and with the accents of refinement. Could one of Lord Lostwithiel's fossilized servants talk like that? Impossible. She looked up, as well as she could under that blinding downpour, and saw a tall man standing beside the pathway with his back to the copse. Like Rosalind, he was more than common tall, and of slim, active figure. He was pale, and wore a short dark beard, and the eyes which looked at Isola out of the pale thin face were very dark. That was about as much as she could see of the stranger in the November dusk.

"Pray, let me persuade you to come to the house," he said urgently. "You are being drenched. It is absolutely dreadful to see anybody out in such rain, and there is no other shelter within reach. Let me take you there. My housekeeper will dry your hat and jacket for you. I ought to introduce myself, perhaps. I am Lord Lostwithiel."

She had guessed as much. Who else would speak with authority in that place? She dimly recalled a photograph, pale and faded, of a tall man in a yeomanry uniform, seen in somebody's album; and the face of the photograph had been the same elongated oval face—with long thin nose, and dark eyes a shade too near together, which was looking down at her anxiously now.

She felt it would be churlish to refuse shelter so earnestly offered. "You are very kind," she faltered. "I am sorry to be so troublesome. I ought not to have come so far in such doubtful weather." She went with him meekly, walking her fastest under the pelting rain, which was at her back now as they made for the house. "Have you really come far?" he asked. "From Trelasco. I live at the Angler's Nest, a cottage by the river. You know it, perhaps?"

"Yes, I know every house at Trelasco. Then you are staying with Mrs. Disney, I presume?" "I am Mrs. Disney."

"You?" With intense surprise. "I beg your pardon. You are so young. I imagined Mrs. Disney an older person."

He glanced at the girlish figure, the pale, delicate face, and told himself that his new acquaintance could scarcely be more than nineteen or twenty. He had met Major Disney, a man who looked about forty—a lucky fellow to have caught such a pretty bird as this.

They had reached the shrubbery by this time, and were hurrying along a winding walk where the rain reached them with less violence. The narrow walk brought them into a broad gravel path in front of the house. Lostwithiel opened a half-glass door, and led Mrs. Disney into the library, a long, low room, full of curious nooks and corners, formed by two deep chimney-pieces, and by the projecting wings of the heavy oak bookcases. Isola had never seen any room so filled with books, nor had she ever seen a room with two such chimney-pieces of stately marble, yellowed with age, elaborately carved with cherub head, and Cupids, and torches and festal wreaths, bows and arrows, lyres and urns.

A wood fire was burning upon one hearth, and it was hither Lostwithiel brought his guest, wheeling a large armchair in front of the blaze.

"If you will take off your hat and jacket, and sit down there, I'll get my housekeeper to attend to you," he said, with his hand upon the bell.

"You are more than kind. I must hurry home directly the rain abates a little. I have a good old servant who is sure to be anxious about me," said Isola, devouring the room with greedy eyes, anxious to take in every detail of this enchanted castle.

She might never enter it again, perhaps. Lord Lostwithiel was so seldom there. His absenteeism was the lament of the neighborhood. The things he ought to have done and did not do would have filled a book. He had been wild in his youth. He had once owned a theater. He had done, or was supposed to have done, things which were spoken of with bated breath, but of late years he had developed new ambitions, and had done with theatrical speculations. He had become literary, scientific, political. He was one of the lights of the intellectual world, or that small section of the intellectual which is affiliated to the smart world. He knew all the clever people in London, and a good many of the intellectualities of Paris, Berlin and Vienna. He had never married, but it was supposed that he would eventually marry, before he was forty, and that he would make a great match. He was not rich, but he was Lord Lostwithiel. He was by no means handsome, but he was said to be one of the most fascinating men in London.

Isola pulled off her jacket slowly, looking about her all the time, and Lostwithiel forbore from offering her any assistance lest he should increase her evident shyness.

A man in plain clothes, who looked more like a valet than a butler, answered the bell. "Send Mrs. Mayne, and bring tea," ordered his lordship.

What a slender, girlish form it was which the removal of the tweed jacket revealed. The slim waist and somewhat narrow shoulders betokened a delicacy of constitution. The throat was beautiful, milk white, the throat of Diana, and the head, now the hat was off, would also have done for Diana; a small classic head, with soft, brown hair drawn smoothly away from the low, white brow and rolled into a knot at the back. The features were as delicate as the complexion, in which there was no brilliancy of coloring, only pale, ivory tints. The eyes were dark gray, with long brown lashes, and their present expression was between anxiety and wondering interest. Lostwithiel was not such a coxcomb as to appropriate that look of interest. He saw that it was his house and not himself which inspired the feeling.



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# Cleaver's Juvenia Soap

Marvellous Effect!! Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.

DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.

The ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF THEM. JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any coloring matter, and contains about the smallest proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. Redwood, Ph.D., F.R.C.S.; T. House, Kenwood, F.R.C.S.; A. J. Dr. Haines, F.R.C.S.; F.C.S.

Wholesale Representative for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 33, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

"You like old houses, I can see, Mrs. Disney," he said, smiling at her.

"Dearly. They are like poems in brick and stone, are they not? I dare say there are stories about this room."

"Innumerable stories. I should have to ransack the Record Office for some of them, and to draw upon a very bad memory to a perilous extent for others."

"Is it haunted?" "I am not one of those privileged persons who see ghosts; neither seventh son of a seventh son, nor of the mediumistic temperament; but I have heard of an apparition peering through the house on occasions, and being seen in this room, which is one of the oldest rooms, a part of that building which was once a grange appertaining to a certain small monastery, put down by Henry VIII., and recorded in the Black Book. As one of the oldest rooms it is naturally uncanny; but as I have never suffered any inconvenience in that line, I make it my own particular den."

"It is the most picturesque room I ever saw. And what a multitude of books!" exclaimed Isola.

"Yes, I have a good many books. I am always buying, and I find I never have exactly the book I want. And as I have no librarian I am too apt to forget the books I have. If I could afford to spend more of my life at the Mount, I would engage some learned gentleman, whose life had been a failure, to take care of my books. Are you Cornish, like your husband, Mrs. Disney?"

"No. I was born at Dinan."

"What! In that medieval Breton city? You

are not

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are not French, though, I think?"

"My mother and father were both English, but my sister and I were born and brought up in Brittany."

Lostwithiel questioned no further. He had a shrewd idea that when English people live for a good many years in a Breton town they have reasons of their own, generally financial, for their choice of a settlement. He was a man who could not have spent six months of his life away from London and Paris.

The housekeeper made her appearance and offered her services. She wrung the rain out of Isola's cloth skirt, and wiped the muddy hem. She took charge of the jacket and hat, and at Lostwithiel's suggestion she remained to pour out the tea. She was a very dignified person, in a black silk gown and a lace cap, and she treated her master, as if he had been a domo-god. Isola could not be afraid of taking tea in this matronly presence, yet she kept looking nervously towards the window in front of her, where the rain beat with undiminished force, and where the darkening sky told of impending night.

"I see you are getting anxious, Mrs. Disney," said Lostwithiel, who had nothing to do but watch her face, such an expressive face at all times, so picturesquely beautiful when touched by the flickering light of the low wood fire. "If you have to wait for fine weather you may be here all night, and your good people at home would be frantic. I'll order a carriage, and you can be at home in three-quarters of an hour."

"Oh, no, Lord Lostwithiel, I couldn't give you so much trouble. If your housekeeper will be so very kind as to lend me a cloak and umbrella, I can get home very well. And I had better start at once."

"In the rain, alone, and in the darkness! It will be dark before you are home in any case. No, Mrs. Disney, if I were to permit such a thing I should expect Major Disney to call me out directly he came home. He is in India, I think?"

"Yes. He is with his regiment in Burma." "Do you expect him home soon?" "Not very soon; not for six months, or perhaps longer. It was that which made me walk so far."

Lostwithiel looked puzzled. "I mean that I was so disappointed by his letter—a letter I received to-day—that I went out for a long walk to walk down my bad spirits if I could, and hardly knew how far I was going. It has made me inflict trouble on you, and Mrs. Disney."

"Mayne. Both Mrs. Mayne and I are delighted to be of use to you. Order the station brougham, Dalton, immediately," to the man who answered his bell. "The carriage can hardly be ready in less than twenty minutes, so pray try to do justice to Mrs. Mayne's tea."

"It is delicious tea," said Isola, sipping it luxuriously, enjoying the fire-glow and the dancing light upon the richly bound books in all their varieties of coloring, from crimson and orange tawny to cream vellum.

She was evidently relieved in her mind by the knowledge that she was to be driven home presently. "If you are really interested in this old house you must come some sunny morning and let Mrs. Mayne show you over it," said Lostwithiel, establishing himself with his cup and saucer upon the other side of the hearth. "She knows all the old stories, and she has a better memory than I."

"I should like so much to do next summer, when my husband can come with me." "I'm afraid Major Disney won't care much about the old place. He is a native of these parts, and must have been here often in my father's time. I shall hope to receive you both, if I am here next October for the shooting—but there is no need to relegate your inspection of the house to a remote future. Come on the first fine morning that you have nothing better to do. Mrs. Mayne is always at home; and as I am always out of doors in the morning you can have the house to yourselves and talk about ghosts to your hearts' content."

"Oh, my lord, I hope I know better than to say anything disrespectful of the house," protested Mrs. Mayne.

"My dear Mayne, a family ghost is as respectable an institution as a family tree." Isola murmured some vague acknowledgment of his civility. She was far too shy to have any idea of taking advantage of his offer. To re-enter that house alone by her own accord would be impossible. By and by with her husband at her side, she would be bold enough to do anything, to accept any hospitality that Lostwithiel might be moved to offer. He would invite Martin, perhaps, for the shooting, or to a luncheon, or a dinner. She wondered vaguely if she would ever possess a gown good enough to wear at a dinner party in such a house.

After this there came a brief silence. Mrs. Mayne stood straight and prim behind the tea table. Nothing would have induced her to sit in the lordship's presence, albeit she had dandied him in her arms when there was much less of him than of the cambric and fine flannel which composed his raiment, and albeit his easy familiarity might have invited some forgetfulness of caste distinctions. Mrs. Mayne fully understood that she was wanted there to set the stranger at her ease, and she performed her mission; but even her presence could not relieve Isola's shyness. She felt like a bird caught in a net, or fluttering in the grasp of some strong but kindly hand. She sat listening for carriage wheels, and only hearing the dull thumping of her own scared heart.

And yet he was so kind, and yet he so fully realized her idea of high-bred gentleness, that she need hardly have been so troubled by the situation. She stole a glance at him as he stood by the chimney piece, in a thoughtful attitude, looking down at the burning logs on the massive old andirons. The firelight shining on a face above it will often give a sinister look to the openest countenance, and to-night Lostwithiel's long, narrow face, dark deep-set eyes and pointed beard had some touch of the diabolical in that red and uncertain glow, an effect that was but instantaneous, for as the light changed the look passed, and she saw him as he really was, with his pale and somewhat sunken cheeks, and eyes darkly grave, of exceeding gentleness.

"Have you lived long at the Angler's Nest, Mrs. Disney?" he asked, at last.

"Nearly a year and a half; ever since my

marriage, with just one interval in the south of France, before Martin went to India."

"Then I need not ask if you are heartily sick of the place?"

"Indeed, I should not be tired of the cottage or the neighborhood if my husband were at home. I am only tired of solitude. He wants me to send for his sister—a girl who's just leaving school—to keep me company; but I detest school girls, and I would much rather be alone than endure a perpetual *tete-a-tete* of that kind."

"You are wise beyond your years, Mrs. Disney." Avoid the sister, by all means. She would bore you to death—a scamping, exuberant girl, who would develop hysteria after one month of Trelasco dulness. Besides, I am sure you have resources of your own, and that you would rather endure solitude than uncongenial company."

Isola sighed and shook her head rather dolefully, tracing the pattern of the Persian rug with the point of her stick.

"I am very fond of books, and of music," she said; "but one gets tired of being alone after a time. It seems such ages since Martin and I said good-bye in Venice. I was dreadfully unhappy at first. I stand almost alone in the world, when I am parted from him."

"Your father and mother are dead?" in gentlest enquiry.

"Oh, no; they are not dead; they are at Dinan," she said, almost as if it were the same thing.

"And that is very far from Trelasco." "They never leave Dinan. The kind of life suits them. Mamma knits; papa has his club and his English newspapers. People enjoy the English papers so much more when they live abroad than when they are at home. Mamma is a very bad sailor. It would be a risk for her to cross. If my sister or I were dangerously ill, mamma would come. But it would be at the hazard of her life. Papa has often told me so."

"And your father, is he a bad sailor?" "He is rather worse than mamma."

"Then I conclude you were married at Dinan?" "Oh, yes; I never left Brittany until my wedding day."

"What a pretty idea. It is as if Major Disney had found a new kind of wild flower in some nook or cranny of that old gray wall that guards the town."

"You know Dinan?" "There are very few places within easy reach of a yachtsman that I don't know. I have anchored in almost every bay between Cherbourg and Brest, and have rambled inland wherever there was anything worth seeing within a day's journey from the coast. Yes, I know Dinan well. Strange to think that I may have passed you in the street there. Do you sketch, by the way?"

"A little." "Ah, then, perhaps you are one of the young ladies I have seen sitting at street corners or under archways, doing fearful and wonderful things with a box of moist colors and a drawing board."

"The young ladies who sit about the streets are tourists," said Isola, with a look of disgust.

"I understand. The resident ladies would no more do such things than they would sit upon the pavement and make pictures of salmon or men-of-war in colored chalks, like our Metropolitan artists."

"I think I hear a carriage," said Isola, putting down her cup and saucer, and looking at her jacket, which Mrs. Mayne was holding before the fire.

"Yes, that is the carriage," answered Lostwithiel, opening the glass door. "What a night. The rain is just as bad as it was when I brought you indoors."

"If you will accept the use of a shawl, ma'am, it would be safer than putting on this damp jacket."

"Yes, Mayne, get your shawl. Mrs. Disney will wear it, I know."

The housekeeper bustled out, and Lostwithiel and his guest were alone, looking at each other somewhat helplessly, as they stood far apart, she in the glow of the hearth, he in the darkness near the door, and feeling that every available subject of conversation had been exhausted. Their embarrassment was increased when Dalton and a footman came in with two great shining lamps, and flooded the room with light.

"I hardly know how to thank you for having taken so much trouble about me," Isola faltered presently, under that necessity to say something which is one of the marks of shyness.

"There has been no trouble. I only hope I got you out of that pelting rain in time to save you from any evil consequences. Strange that our acquaintance should begin in such an accidental manner. I shall be very glad to know more of Major Disney when he comes home, and in the meantime I hope I shall have the pleasure of meeting you sometimes. No doubt you know everybody in the neighborhood, so we can hardly help running against each other somewhere."

Isola smiled faintly, thinking that the chances of any such meeting were of the slightest; but she did not gainsay him. He wanted to say something courteous no doubt, and had gone into no nice question of probabilities before he spoke. She had heard him described by a good many people, who had hinted darkly at his shortcomings, but had all agreed as to his politeness and persuasive powers.

"A man who would talk over Satan himself," said the village lawyer.

Mrs. Mayne appeared with a comfortable shepherd's plaid shawl, which was wrapped carefully about Mrs. Disney, in a pleasant, motherly fashion. The rain had all been shaken off the little felt hat, which had no feathers or frill to spoil. People who live in the west of England make their account with wet weather.

Lord Lostwithiel handed his guest to the carriage, and stood bareheaded in the rain to wish her good bye before he shut the door.

There was a clock ticking beside her, a sound that startled her in the darkness. There was a basket hanging in front of her, and an odor of cigars and Russian leather. There was a black bear rug, lined with softest cloth, which almost filled the carriage. She had never sat in such a carriage. How different from the mouldy old Clarence in which she occasionally went to dinner parties—a capacious vehicle with a bow window like a seaside parlor.

She leant back in a corner of the little carriage, wrapped in the soft and shaggy rug, wondering at her strange adventure. She had penetrated that mysterious house on Black fir Hill, and she had made the acquaintance of Lord Lostwithiel. How much she would have to tell Martin in her next letter. She wrote to him every week—a long, loving letter, closely written on thin glazed paper, pouring out all her fancies and feelings to the husband she loved with all her heart.

She sighed as her thought recurred to the letter received to-day. Six months, or perhaps even a year, before he was to come back to her! Yet the letter had not been without hopefulness. He had the prospect of getting his next step before that year was over, and then his coming home would be a final return. He would be able to retire, and he would buy some land—a hundred acres or so—and breed horses—one of his youthful dreams—and do a little building, perhaps, to enlarge and beautify the Angler's Nest, and his Isola should have a pair of ponies and a good saddle horse. He looked forward to a life of unalloyed happiness.

(To be Continued.)

#### The Independent Order of Foresters.

Supreme Chief Oronhyatekha and Supreme Secretary John A. McGillivray, Q.C., and their colleagues in the executive council of the I.O.F. are to be congratulated on the present bright outlook and phenomenal prosperity of the society. In our opinion no move of theirs is likely to bring more fame and profit to the order than its introduction into Great Britain. We learn that this week the supreme chief received the returns of three new courts just instituted, two in London and one in Glasgow. The *Investigator*, an insurance journal published in London, in speaking of the Independent Order of Foresters, says as follows:

"This solid institution offers advantages on easy payments absolutely unique; and as the order becomes known it will, without doubt, make the running. . . . In a sentence, the Independent Order of Foresters gives unsurpassed security, exceptional advantages, and prompt settlements at most reasonable cost."

It is not necessary to say that, in this country, the I.O.F. advertises itself most effectively by its aggressiveness and push resulting in great progress and unqualified success.

The simple record of the figures in connection with its work, however, is more eloquent in commendation of its management than any words we could write. They are as follows:

No. of Members.	Balance in Bank
Jan. 1881	390
" 1882	890
" 1883	1,134
" 1884	2,216
" 1885	2,568
" 1886	3,648
" 1887	5,604
" 1888	7,811
" 1889	11,618
" 1890	17,036
" 1891	24,446
" 1892	32,303
" 1893	42,560

The Order in 1881 was \$4000 in debt. It was at this time that the management came into the hands of the present executive.

#### Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

A DISCONSOLATE.—You are slightly concealed, very good-tempered, discreet and energetic young man; apt to cling to a pet project and to succeed from sheer persistence. Your judgment is faulty, honesty and truth good, opinions strong and slightly perverse. You are fond of life's good things and rather likely to get them, modestly not being your forte.

CANDID.—A keen humor, hope, ambition, self-control, rather an excess of self-assertion and opinionativeness, a very honest, truthful, and straightforward method, strong affection, great persistence, generous and amiable disposition, cautious about your affairs and not prone to confide, but needing social intercourse and sympathy. Thanks for a very interesting specimen of masculine excellence.

LUNA DOOR.—This is a strong and determined woman, fond of social intercourse, easy and generous in temper, a little self-willed and impatient of weakness in others; the tendency of her nature is to look somewhat on the serious and gray side of life, but she has so much force and energy that she could not be melancholy. She is constant, impulsive, but thorough, with rather a fine power of imagination and some idealism. Excellent reasoning power and a generous heart are hers. A truly noble specimen.

VENUS.—My dear Western friend, what must you think of me for a correspondent? I really felt shocked at myself, to think that I had left myself so long without another letter from you! Do write and tell me a lot more about the land of the Mormons. You describe things in such a clear, practical, clever way, that I seem to see them. Your writing does not show a particle of conceit, and I should not mind what people say about it. You will do very well as you are. If I am not quite too late, I should like so much to talk over the other matter you mentioned; I may be able to help you about it.

MR. ALLAN'S GHOST.—Well, really, that's an original *nom de plume*! And now, you humbug of a species, I don't believe you ever saw Mr. Allan, nor have the least ghostly claims upon him! You are a person of *bon sens* and excellent judgment, well able to manage affairs, self-reliant, rather careful, but not systematic, of good ability, rather over-pressed with perception, and while somewhat apt to not first and think afterwards, on the whole, prudent. And am I not right in saying that you are of foreign extraction? I fancy, also, that you would thoroughly appreciate a friend and that your regard would be well worth gaining.

IF S. F.—This is a happy-natured person, a bit of a humbug, with very vivacious and somewhat fickle disposition, fond of himself, but also fond of his friends—in fact, apt to be very fond of them individually if they are of the opposite sex. He is tenacious and persistent, however, in general, hopeful, and has some wit, ambition to rise, and enough brains to help him to realize his ambition; discretion keeps him from blunders, which his mercurial temperament and butterfly way might lead him into.

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

Is the most elegant and popular hair-dressing in the market. It quickens into renewed activity the hair-roots and thus restores to the hair all that has been lost by sickness, old age, or neglect. It imparts to the hair a silken texture, keeps the scalp clean, and cures itching and troublesome humors. When the hair becomes thin, faded, or gray, the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor brings out a new growth of the original color, fullness, and beauty. It is positively without equal.

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"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty-five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

"My hair began turning gray and falling out when I was about 25 years of age. I have lately been using Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it is causing a new growth of hair of the natural color. It is a wonderful dressing, and has been of great benefit to my wife in removing dandruff, with which she was very much troubled. She considers it indispensable to her toilet."—R. J. Lowry, Jones Prairie, Milan Co., Texas.

"This is to certify that for many years I have had an itching of the scalp, and my hair had nearly all fallen off. I was induced by Dr. T. J. Gossett to try Ayer's Hair Vigor. By so doing, the itching was entirely cured and the hair grew out on the top of my head, where it was bald."—J. W. Harp, Deputy P. M., Mullinville, Kans.

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Please accept my admiring comments on your numerous graces, kind air, and, believe me, you are a rather nice fellow.

MECHANIC.—Of course not! In my opinion it is a great shame she was not allowed to do so long ago. I should by this time have had a string of alphabetical adornments after my name and a large bank account, instead of being a correspondence editor. 2. You are a determined, constant and rather reserved person, with a bright mind and somewhat vivacious manner, very strong in affection—when you bestow any—extremely persevering, self-controlled and with an exceedingly level head. You are particular, but not fussy; truthful and honest, saving of effort and very practical; a man to be respected, relied upon and well liked.

LEITCH.—1. Please do not send the lady's handwriting. I could not possibly delineate it with a view to enlightening you in the way you mention. If she is distant in her manner, no matter how much you are in love, you had better be distant too, in every sense of the word. I think by your own handwriting that you won't take my advice unless she gives you a very decided rebuff. 2. Your character is of the really persistent order; you are sympathetic, very truthful, good-tempered, lacking snap and force, but of a buoyant and hopeful turn. I don't believe you would be long in finding number two, were number one unkind. In many ways you are attractive, and would, I am sure, make a pleasant friend. A good deal of refinement, taste, and love of beauty are shown.

SIR THOMAS CHRISTOPHER, B.A.—This is a somewhat humorous and mischievous party, with a fine imagination, a tendency to idealism, and some inclination to take the dark side of life's path. Let this should sound like a contradiction I must remark that some of the brightest humorists have this strain of despondency. The study before me is manifestly immature, but bids fair to develop into a very admirable character. At present, is not the writer easily influenced, rather careless and apt to put off duties for pleasure? At the same time, Sir Thomas, and in spite of your manner, I think you are charming and not the least bound to tremble in the face of criticism. Your affections are strong, but at present I think unawakened. I am risking a good deal in this statement I am aware.

FANNY.—You need not be afraid of a delineation, my dear! For part of our answer please read answer No. 2 to Lane, and in cultivating the art of conversation, which is the most difficult of all arts, be very careful not to strive after effect through smartness and sarcasm. I don't fancy you will do this, but one of your remarks put the idea into my mind. Please think a little over things. I have no doubt you will succeed in music if you only give your will to it, and I think you have a talent for it. As to whether you are unlovable and unloving, well, I like you well enough, and though I don't think you will ever die of a broken heart, I have no doubt you can be loving enough to the favored few. Your writing shows an impetuous, impulsive, eager disposition, rather fond of effect, and while amiable, not considerate. You are bright, hopeful, and have your ambitions; love beauty and have some taste, but it is carelessly formed. I see some fruitful curves, a fondness for society and great energy.

EVEREST.—I think your letter was answered some time ago, in another column. You remind me of the lady who wished she were Queen Victoria, with nothing to do but reign all day. Reigning is harder work than she imagined, I fearfully suspect, and being an editor means something very far removed from your rosy sketch. You desire to be an editor? Well, be one; there is nothing easier, according to your description of the trade. I have no experience of the kind you describe to enable me to answer your question. Women editors sometimes make gaily and frivolity (if by these giddy terms you describe the doings of social life) their special study; and as to writing down your thoughts from morning till night, undisturbed, you will be lucky if you get a quarter of an idea on paper without interruption. But you are so evidently at sea, my dear girl, that I cannot do you justice. If I did not know you were very immature and youthful I'd feel like laughing at you. As it is, I can only conjecture what I would do, as you kindly put it, if I were in your place. I think I should wait!

LUNA.—That is as near as I can get your *nom de plume*. Your letter is dated in October. 1. For a hair wash I must refer you to our advertising columns. Please don't meddle with your eyelashes; several people have ruined them altogether, and had inflamed eyes as the result of tinkering with them. 2. If you wish to read books, in order to talk about them afterwards, you can only get the newest as they come out, and go through them. But if you wish to improve your mind (conversational improvement does not always follow), you should read the works of those writers whose names I have so often mentioned—Ruskin, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sir John Lubbock, Tennyson; and among the novelists the standard authors, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens; and our modern story writers, Hardy, Barry, Cradock, Blackmore. It is a curious thing that the best read people are seldom the most successful conversationalists, however. 3. Your writing shows decided ability and a persevering, true and constant nature, not demonstrative but very reliable, a high sense of honor, some pride, and rather calm and even manner, independent thought, and very kind and generous views; striking originality, but a receptive, sociable and very unprejudiced mind. You are very careful and orderly, and like nice people and pretty things very much.

JANE RYMOOR.—I don't think you are foolish at all in wishing for a little less of the "too, too solid" which encumbers you. I cannot recommend any remedy in the way of medicine, but if you will diet yourself, take plenty of exercise and see that you take it with special reference to a reduction of flesh, you can bring down your bulk without any injury to your health. The movements recommended and taught by the Jencene-Miller professors are excellent. Have you a physical culture class in Montreal? Unless you are really troubled by over weight, however, remember that most people are improved by a reasonable embonpoint. Whatever you do, do not lace your waist in to the girth of a slender woman, and bulge out above and below, a la barmid. Be content to add two or three inches to the waist and preserve a consistent figure. You will look far better with a waist of twenty-six inches (if you are given to plumpness, with an erect and graceful carriage) than with a twenty-two inch waist and a breathless, constricted appearance. 2. Your writing shows much humor, energy, brightness of thought, good temper, and though judgment is sometimes prejudiced it is good so far as you can form it. You are a little impatient, very likeable

and refined in method. With some adaptability, great love of beauty and all the graceful traits of sympathy, tact and impulsive affection are yours.

Musical.



Flattening the b.

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because it makes fat and gives strength. It is beneficial for

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because they can assimilate it when they cannot ordinary food. It is beneficial for

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because it heals the irritation of the throat and builds up the body and overcomes the difficulty.

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## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

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## All Along the River.

In this issue appears the first instalment of Miss Braddon's new story, All Along the River, for the publication of which we have bought the exclusive Canadian right. Miss Braddon is one of the most popular of writers. Lady Audley's Secret is famous, also The Cloven Foot, Dead Men's Shoes, Phantom Fortune, and All Along the River, her latest work, fresh from her pen, is considered by the authoress and her confidential critics to take rank with the very best she has ever written. Impressed with the vigor, the richness and charm of the story, we have purchased it and strongly recommend our readers not to miss the opening chapters—these will plead the cause of those that are to follow.

## The Royal Children of Europe.

Last week we commenced the publication of a series of portraits of the Royal children of Europe, beginning with Princess Marie and Princess Alexandra of Edinburgh. The series will run for some time and will include portraits of all those young people who are destined in the ordinary course of events to fill much of public attention and monopolize a great deal of history's pages a few years hence. This week we give Princess Victoria of Edinburgh and the Lady Alexandra Duff.

## The Drama.

SINCE I saw Peaceful Valley I have been wondering what place will be assigned to Edward Kipper among dramatic authors. The play is a curious mixture of strength and weakness. It is weak in plot and construction, and its success depends upon one part, and that part is a wonderfully clever study, somewhat idealized, of a type very rarely met with even, I imagine, "way down in Maine." I do not think many would like to sit out Peaceful Valley with, say, a mediocre actor in the place of Sol Smith Russell, for there is not enough strength in the other roles to redeem a failure in his.

I don't know when I ever before saw an actor who stirred me so deeply as Sol Smith Russell in his portrayal of Hosea Howe. To say that he is quaint, humorous, natural and intensely pathetic does not describe him sufficiently well to my mind. His great triumph consists in making felt the undercurrent of deep feeling natural to a mind like that of Hosea, elevated and refined by study; the life among the big hills and deep valleys, and sensitive to their influence. This feature is present throughout the part; it underlies his funny remarks and clever repartees; it shows itself in his actions and crops up in New York, and in his tale of the sights he had seen and the experiences he had passed through in the alums there. This I imagine to be the source of Sol Smith Russell's great power, and the secret of the great mastery obtained over the audience. It is by this feature that his part overshadows the other roles in the piece and renders them weak in comparison. Miss Minnie Radcliffe as Virgie Rand rather puzzled and disappointed me at first. In the first act she is decidedly older than in the second; her tone of voice and manners are certainly different; her deportment is that of a woman of society, doubtless a very lovely one. In the second act she is decidedly ingenuous and sustains that character admirably to the end of the chapter. Here is a difficult role to render; it is ingenuous; so is that of Hosea, but the same skill and care have not been used by the author. The part lacks that wonderfully subtle and deep touch of nature which runs all through the other, and it loses thereby, and there is an increased danger of monotony. Miss Radcliffe avoids this with great skill, and her acting is full of ease and grace. Miss Adele Palma gives a pleasant rendering of a very jolly and amiable character, and Miss Marian Abbott gave signs of strength and power during her appearance but did not altogether avoid monotony of tone. Jack Farquhar and Ward Andrews are well rendered by Eric Stirling and Chas. Canfield; the former makes a good, if somewhat coarse type of villain, and the latter has a very jolly role to play, and quite conventional. He is reformed by Hosea and Virgie, makes a fortune on the stock market very quickly, and is altogether a lucky man. The other ladies and gentlemen of the company gave good support. Mr. Russell has gathered a strong company round him.

Eight Bells attracted a big audience on the opening night to Jacobs & Sparrow's and kept it in good humor from beginning to end. The main features of the piece, which is largely pantomimic in character, are the extraordinary antics of the Byrne brothers, who jump through windows and doors and climb over walls in a manner which has almost made me a convert to Darwinism on the one hand and to the belief that the age of flying cannot be so far off on the other. Matthew Byrne does some good juggling in the third act, his plate feat calling forth great applause. John F. Byrne, as McGazle, rather puzzled me. I could not make out what countryman he is supposed to represent, but perhaps one ought not to be so particular about where a man hails from, even though it be the "back of beyond," when he can dance and display such activity

as John F. There was some fairly good singing by the Quaker City Quartette, who rendered a number of snatches of well known songs, and a pretty trio composed of mandolin, guitar and flute. L. C. Mettler's imitations of birds and beasts found great favor with the audience. Mrs. Helen Byrne, who played Nancy, sang a song which brought the house down, in spite of the fact that her voice was rendered somewhat husky by a bad cold, and danced a jig in a manner which proved that dancing runs in the Byrne family "like wooden legs among cripples." The piece is well helped out by some good scenery, the ship scene being the best.

A large audience assembled in Association Hall on January 19 to hear Miss Marguerite Dunn. The pieces selected were well chosen, and Miss Dunn is to be congratulated upon her knowledge of her powers as well as her versatility as an elocutionist. Her articulation is good, her actions and gestures are spontaneous and in harmony with the tone of voice. The Gipsy Flower Girl was perhaps the selection which gave most delight, and the manner in which love, hatred, revenge and, finally, resignation were depicted showed complete mastery of the subject and well deserved the applause with which it was greeted. As an encore Miss Dunn gave My Old Sweetheart, an exceedingly clever rendering of a piece which, entirely void of the same tragic and stirring elements as the preceding recitation, demanded even greater artistic talent. In the scene from Leah, the Forsaken, she maintained her hold upon the audience by her portrayal of the character of this loving, despairing, scornful woman. Her last piece, The Girl with Thirty-nine Lovers, was encored, and elicited A Similar Case. During the intervals the Varsity Glee Club, conducted by Mr. Schuch, sang part-songs, and Mr. Burden rendered William Tell and an encore. The programme closed with Patrol Characteristics by the Varsity Banjo Club, which was also honored with an encore.

A rare literary and musical treat is in store for patrons of Kleiser's Star Course. Subscribers will have first choice of seats at the reduced price. The list is at Nordheimer's and has already been subscribed to by a large number of our most prominent people. The course will open on February 16, when Rev. Robert Nourse of Washington, D.C., will deliver his famous dramatic lecture on Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, of which the New York Herald says: "No report can do justice to this masterpiece of oratory. For nearly two hours the speaker held his audience with intensest interest, now thrilling them with his dramatic portrayals of character, now convulsing them with laughter by his sallies of wit, and anon moving them to tears by his pathos. It is safe to say that it was one of the greatest lectures ever given in this vicinity. The last scene in the laboratory, when Mr. Hyde had become hopeless of reformation, was a most consummate piece of dramatic presentation. The impersonation of the hopeless despair, and the raving, devilish rage, was awful."

The Trinity Dramatic Club, assisted by the Banjo and Guitar Club, will present the drama, Our Boys, in St. Andrew's Hall, on Thursday evening, February 2. Proceeds in aid of Gymnasium Fund. Plan opens at Nordheimer's on Tuesday, January 31. The following is the cast of characters:

Sir Geoffrey Champneys.....E. R. Ricketts  
Talbot Champneys.....E. C. Castanach  
Perkin Middlewick.....A. B. Pottinger  
Charles Middlewick.....J. C. H. Mockridge  
Poddles.....H. B. Gwyn  
Kempster.....H. V. Hamilton  
Violet Melrose.....Miss K. Hamilton  
Mary Melrose.....Miss K. Hamilton  
Charles Champneys.....Miss Morgan  
Belinda.....Miss Shandy

Miss Marie Wainwright and her splendid company will furnish the entertainment next week at the Grand Opera House, where they will present three well contrasted plays. On Monday and Tuesday evenings and at the Wednesday matinee that most brilliant and fascinating of all comedies, The School for Scandal, will be given, Miss Wainwright, of course, playing Lady Teazle, and that sterling and always admirable actor, Barton Hill, appearing as Sir Peter. The play will be given with special scenery and the most gorgeous costumes ever worn on the American continent. On Wednesday and Thursday evenings Miss Wainwright will appear in her exquisite impersonation of Rosalind in As You Like It, as which she is by many considered to be the best living exponent. On Friday and Saturday evenings and at the Saturday matinee the programme will be the new and highly successful comedy drama of New York life, entitled The Social Swim. This was written expressly for Miss Wainwright by that extremely clever young dramatist, Clyde Elche, author of Beau Brummell and The Masked Ball. The action illustrates society as it is in New York, and the dialogue is said to be full of sparkling wit and keen satire. Miss Wainwright's company is always noted for its strength, but this year it has been greatly increased. Among the principal members are: Barton Hill, Wm. Ingersoll, Nathaniel Hartwig, E. Y. Backus, Percy Brooke, Edward Elmer, Eleanor Carey, Kate Blanche, Lillian Thurgate and Dorothy Thornton.

Barry and Fay's attraction at the Grand the latter half of last week would have been a bigger success if it had not been preceded and followed by such famous entertainers as Grossmith and Sol. Smith Russell. Just now manager Sheppard is giving us a fine series of shows, running generally half a week, and I am pleased to see that his enterprise calls out full houses. It would be a strange thing if Russell and Keene and Marie Wainwright failed to draw big houses. No actor is a greater favorite in Toronto than Keene. On Thursday night he played Richard III., in which he always does himself rare credit, Friday night he appeared in Hamlet, while at to-day's matinee he comes on in Richelleu and to-night in a second performance of Richard III.

The Nelson Opera Company, singing The Bohemian Girl and The Mascot, have been at the Academy of Music this week at popular prices, a criticism of which performances will be found on our music page. Manager



Mr. D. R. Wilkie, President-elect Toronto Board of Trade.

Whitney, confident that the public will appreciate high-class opera at half price, has prevailed upon the company to lengthen its engagement here, and for the first three nights of next week Ermine will be sung; Thursday and Friday nights, Chimes of Normandy, and Il Trovatore on Saturday. Every night should see a bigger turnout than the previous one, for these operas may not be heard again in Toronto at such prices for years.

Reilly & Woods' big show will be at Jacobs & Sparrow's next week.

## The Metropolitan.

Montreal's new society paper, The Metropolitan, seems to have the correct tone and should receive the heartiest possible welcome. After the first two issues, in which the press work was very disappointing, the paper in every respect holds a good standard, making social news the main feature, with literature, music, art and drama as subsidiaries. We greet it with every good wish.

## At the Pavilion.

They came into the Pavilion last Tuesday—a loving couple just about, I should judge, to embark on happy married life. She was very pretty, a petite sort of girl. I should dub her "sweet." She seemed restless and uneasy. "Help me off with my cloak, will you, Charlie?" she said in a soft, loving voice. Charlie, as the gallant slave he was, rose to do her bidding. As it was being slowly removed, revealing a pretty pink décolleté gown—crack! r-r-r! Such a helpless look of bewilderment spread over Charlie's face! While she—well, I am powerless to describe her, but if it were possible for a look to annihilate anyone, Charlie would have been as dead as a trolley victim. Luckily he did not see it or he might have had uneasy forebodings of times to come. She evidently was going to go for him, to use a slang term, but, changing her mind, said, in a sweetly sarcastic voice as she drew back the wrap over her pretty shoulders (it was a shame to hide 'em), "Well, men say woman's dress is a mystery, but you are, it seems (I suppose she meant it that way) to me, trying to unravel the mystery." Poor Charlie! he looked—well, I don't know how, but if it had been myself I should certainly have excused myself and gone out and had a quiet away. Whatever it was that tore will remain a mystery to me, as there didn't seem much to tear. AUNTIE JEE.

## Prof. Miasmaticus on the Ourang-Outang.

Among the many improvements of modern civilization none are more wonderful than the increase in intelligence and usefulness of animals such as the horse, the dog, etc. There is one animal, however, which has not received the attention which it deserves. I refer to the Ourang-Outang. I feel convinced that there is a future in store for the man who takes this animal up. Let him start a monkey rancho on business principles, procure the best breed that can be got and improve and accustom them, using equal care to that ordinarily devoted to the horse, for instance; have them carefully trained from their youth up, increase their size and strength by judicious gymnastic exercises such as Indian clubs, parallel bars, bucksaes, etc.; have instructors give them regular drill six or seven hours daily in useful employment, such as hoeing corn, cleaning off snow, etc.; teaching them the meaning of certain words of command and to know when the dinner bell rings—not to neglect their moral training, make them sign the pledge in early life and show them how to behave in church—in short, give them "a liberal education," including (if thought advisable) the Sol Fa system of howling.

The experiment might not be an unmixed success with the first generation, but keep on (even with man it takes three generations to evolve a first-class dude) and the third or fourth crop are certain to crown the experiment with success; the educated monkey will then have nearly as many accomplishments as the ordinary pauper emigrant. When the rancher has brought them to this state of perfection, let him put them upon the market and they will command a ready sale at remunerative figures. Why, within six months there would not be an elevator in town run by boy-power; each would have its quiet, civil, well-behaved Ourang-Outang in charge, that had never known any other employment than steering an elevator and had the thing down to a fine art;

all the passenger would have to do would be to say "third floor" and hey! presto! there you are. For climbing telegraph poles and looking after electric lights they would be invaluable. Having their fingers judiciously burnt several times down on the rancho, they would use care; they would also have been taught not to complete the circuit with their tails for obvious reasons. And what handy fellows in the domestic circle; trained to light the kitchen fire at early dawn, to sift the cinders and to take in the morning paper before someone came along and stole it in the ordinary manner; during the day filling a long felt want, helping with the culinary operations, scraping carrots, peeling potatoes and affording cheerful company for the cook, playing with the elder children, pushing the matrimonial fruit basket and washing the pug; in the evening ushering in their mistress's guests with an urbanity too often lacking in the hired help. When the shades of night had fallen, they could insure balmy sleep to tired eyelids by clearing the cat-perch in the rear of the lot, as by their physical conformation they are eminently adapted for following nocturnal fiends into their native fastnesses. In fact, their field of usefulness is practically unlimited. Those having histrionic talent could materially strengthen the corps de ballet of many a company of barn-stormers, strutting around in almost as ornate a style as the Roman Soldiers did last year in Ben Hur. Those whose musical tastes have been cultivated could relieve the aching arms of our Italian fellow-citizens by grinding for them their perambulating tune twisters, the lovely airs from which, in conjunction with the lovely ditto from the sewers, are mainly, in our humble estimation, responsible for the grip.

Places might be found for those lacking in mental attainments but presenting a handsome exterior in the various departments of the Civil Service.

Did space permit to follow their career from their native rancho to the Senate, my record for the reader's patience would still induce me to come to the end of this monkey's tale.

G. J. A.

## In a Yonge Street Thunderstorm.

My friend, Doc. Lawrence, is one of those people who never allow an interesting side issue in a story to stir them from following a straight line through to the point of the narrative. That is—sometimes.

"How was it my father became deaf?" It happened many years ago, when he was driving down Yonge street in company with my grandfather.

I pressed him to recount the facts in the case.

"I think it was just about opposite Gerrard street that during a violent electrical storm accompanied by rain, a stroke of forked lightning struck the ground between the horse and the buggy, in which sat my father and his governor. Curious to relate, the electric current passed so close to the horse that it burnt in twain the breeching strap and did not injure the animal. The shaft on that side was splintered, but no other serious damage was done."

"Did the lightning strike your father?"

"That I cannot say. He was so dazed with the deafening burst of thunder and so blinded by the flash of lightning that he does not know to this day just how he lost his hearing. At all events he has been quite deaf since that time. The horse stopped up, shaking like an aspen, and my father got out of the rig in a mechanical way and examined the results of the stroke. He noticed that the hair of the horse's tail had been slightly singed, and that the paint seemed to have been scraped off the cross-bar of the shafts. The whip, too, had been knocked out of its socket and lay in the road. The poor horse was not able to move for several minutes. It was a very curious affair, was not it?"

"It was, indeed," I answered, "and I suppose it must have shook up your grandfather pretty well."

"My grandfather? Oh, he was killed."

PEACEFUL JONES.

## It Looked Suspicious.

"Charlie Harduppe had a check to-day, but they would not cash it at the bank. They claimed they did not know him."

"Didn't he have anything with which he could identify himself?"

"He had two or three bills made out in his name."

"Wouldn't the teller accept those as identification?"

"No. They were receipted."

## Conversion.

For Saturday Night.

For years I held a vision in my view  
That seemed to grow more beautiful each day;  
But I was young when first it came to me,  
And did not know how soon such visions fade.  
I watched it closely and anon defined  
Its meaning. First it did appear most fair—  
Most worthy of the homage I might pay.  
It promised solace when the heart was sad,  
And succor when calamity was near,  
And sympathy and constancy and faith,  
And when I learned that Friendship was its name,  
My soul rejoiced, and I put trust in it,  
As one puts trust in heaven. Time sped on.  
Ere long my prospects changed. I came to know  
Adversity, despondency and grief,  
And in my trouble these were ever near  
To fill my heart with sorrow and despair.  
But Friendship, that I trusted, held aloof,  
And as I gazed and hoped for sympathy  
Its brightness faded slowly from my sight  
To leave me disappointed and distraught.  
Then through the gloominess of all my woe  
There shot a javelin of golden light,  
The like of which I ne'er had seen before;  
And in its radiance this strange device,  
"God is the only everlasting friend,"  
Shone brightly forth in flaming capitals.  
Straightway I fell upon my knees and wept,  
And in that hour a change came o'er my faith.

MALCOLM W. SPARROW.

## Hands.

For Saturday Night.

In happiness the hands reach out across the world,  
They glide and grasp with eagerness and feel the life of things,  
They are so glad.

In sorrow hands hang limply by the side,  
Their energy, their life, is gone all nerveless now,  
They are so sad.

In agony the hands are clasped in muttered pain;  
They writhe and twist as if to wring the aching out,  
They seem insane.

In death the hands reach out as if to grasp the unattainable,  
Then fall in alabaster folds across the weary worn-out heart,  
In their long rest no passion.

Shannonville. BERTHA DAVIDSON.

## The Little White Bear at the Door.

For Saturday Night.

The windows are closed and the blinds close drawn,  
Unnoted and neglected the grass on the lawn,  
The house is in mourning, a sweet mother weeps;  
In a woe, white coffin her baby sleeps;  
His playing is over, he'll laugh no more,  
For a little white bear has stopped at the door.

What a vision of watching, waiting and tears;  
What a story of nursing and hopes and fears;  
What a sad refrain; what memories of pain,  
Echoes of a voice to be heard not again,  
Comes to every heart that has once felt the sore  
Of seeing a little white bear at the door.

His boys are all hidden, his clothes put away,  
There are tears every night and whispers all day.  
The house is dead silent, the hours are twice long;  
The piano is closed, no laughter nor song,  
Nor shouting, nor romping is heard any more,  
Since the day the little white bear left the door.

Don.

## Nightfall.

For Saturday Night.

The twilight haze has vanished.  
Above the shoulder of yon distant hill looks forth the risen moon.

Night in her sable pall enfolds the dreaming world,  
And in the slumberous solitude I muse alone.  
The tiny stars above, God's sentries, nod and glow  
In kindly watchfulness, forever faithful to their trust.  
And in the gloom of this witching hour all petty strife  
Have vanished in a mass of passionless repose.  
The hush of night, with tender sighs and tones  
Sweet as a mother's lullaby, to eager souls  
Brings thoughts more reverential and subdued  
Than e'er the radiance of day calls forth.  
The swash of waves upon the distant coast  
Comes to my ear with a faint murmuring sound  
As though sweet fairy voices whispering tender vows,  
Incautiously forgetting listening winds, spoke in a louder tone.

And the keen air in gleeful triumph bore them away,  
To my enraptured ears, lulling me with their music.  
Serenely still, the silver moon now sails above,  
Casting a shining pathway over the bosom of the deep,  
Glorious as the footprints of the Lord on Galilee.  
So calm all seems, the owl's broad wings scarce stir the air  
they float in,  
And prurient brooks near by ripple and run o'er rocky beds  
With songs whose happy music brings the thought of children's  
joyous laughter;  
Mellowed and clear the night bird's piercing cry  
Blends with the faint, sweet whistlers of the songsters'  
vesper lay,  
And in one glorious thrill the whip-poor-will  
Pours forth his soul to the Almighty Love.  
The soft wind fans my cheek with touch as light as a love-  
hidden maiden's kiss,  
And o'er my drooping senses steals the faint, sweet scent  
from sleeping flowers below,  
Wooling me to a slumber soft and light as those in  
I sweet oblivion my heavy eyelids close on scenes so fair,  
And I with them am dreaming.

F. M. KELLY.

## To the City Water.

For Saturday Night.

Dark fluid softly sleeping 'neath thy frozen sheet,  
Thou wondrous mixture made to drink—and eat,  
I hold thee in a cup in critic mood.  
Trying in vain to see what's drink, what's food—  
But this is guessed by few and known by fewer;  
Some say thou'rt mixed with Don and some—  
To tell the truth thou hast a smack of both,  
And added as a flavor an essence of New Beach.

For as I shake thy dark turquoise mass,  
The lambent charms of each before me pass,  
Commingled so together in this little cup  
That thou appear'st like tea, when shaken up.  
The sportive microbes, little fish and other matter  
Combine to form a palatable city water.

C. A. S. BOBBY.

## Love's Season.

In sad, sweet days when hectic flushes  
Burn red on maple and sumach leaf,  
When sorrowful winds wall through the rushes  
And all things whisper of loss and grief;  
When close and close hold Frost approaches  
To smother the blossom from Nature's breast,  
Oh, then I think that I love you best.

And yet when Winter, that tyrant master,  
Has buried Autumn in walls of snow,  
And bound and fettered the royal court her  
Lies outraged Nature in helpless woe;  
When all earth's pleasures in four walls center,  
And sits by one in the snug home seat  
We list the suspense which cannot sleep,  
Oh, then I say that I love you best.

But later on, when the Biren Season  
Betrays the trust of the snail King,  
And glad Earth laughs at the act of treason  
And Winter dies in the arms of Spring;  
When birds and birds all push and flutter  
To free fair Nature so long oppressed,  
I thrill with feelings I cannot utter,  
And then I am certain I love you best.

And when in splendor the queenly Summer  
Reigns over the earth and the skies above,  
When Nature kneels to the royal court her  
And even the sun flames hot with Love;  
When Pleasure banks in the luscious washers,  
And Care lies out on the ward to rest—  
Oh, whether apart or whether together,  
It is then I know that I love you best.

ELSA WHELAN WILCOX, in Lippincott's.



## Between You and Me.

I SAW a lovely little article in an American paper this week about home. And I think perhaps we don't all work up to our ideal in our home-making. Of course some people have no homes, that is, no places where they can work out beautiful schemes of decoration, entertainment and converse with a carefully weeded circle of congenial spirits. They have rarely the time or the thought which go to the perfect architecture of a home. But this article of which I speak included even such unfortunate mortals as these. "Stone walls do not a prison make," nor (according to the charming writer I refer to) handsome rooms or gay company or rare surroundings of any sort, a home. Home should be, says he, a most sacred and peaceful and prized refuge, into which there should not enter any conflict, and we should strive above all things to make our homes resting places. Not restaurants or sleeping lodges, places where we may diffuse whatever of ill-temper, or grievance, or worry we have been forced to bottle up during the day; places where we may be selfish, or boorish, or untidy, or morose, because no one criticizes us. The idea of shutting outside the door all the disagreeables of the city, of stepping from turmoil and fatigue and friction into a beaming atmosphere of love and peace, where voices shall be gentle and courtesy perfect—is it not a rest even to dwell upon it?

A morsel of poetry (?) has come through the mail to me this week of a very personal nature. I should like to tell the sender that he or she has made a mistake both in the manner and the matter of the rhyme, and I should also like to ask them not to do so again. On reading over that paragraph, I am afraid it will sound to Mr. Gay and others as if someone had been saying pretty or the reverse things to Lady Gay. But the poetry had no such unworthy subject. It was a revelation mainly of a side of human nature which I deplore, the angry, envious, and slightly untruthful side, and it made me feel rather sorry for whoever wrote it.

I saw a very pretty little scene between a dear little mother and her wilful little daughter one day lately. The baby had been atrociously naughty, and the mamma was grieved but resolute to bring the sinner to repentance. In vain she recapitulated all her gentle teachings, and repeated all those arguments and appeals most calculated to touch the bad small girl's heart. At last she said, "Why did you do it, dear?" and with a great big sob of pent-up remorse the baby cried, "Tos I fordot." We all forget sometimes. Ah, those treacherous memories! The other evening I heard a pretty girl whisper, as she drew her willing admirer back between the bookshelves in the library, where we merrily danced, "Oh, take me away; here is my partner, I don't want him to find me!" Don't you think there were several things that girl forgot? I do. Yesterday I heard a young wife scolding her husband at a lunch table in a public restaurant because he had forgotten to get seats for the opera. He is a busy and rising young man, and yesterday was a very busy and absorbing day for him, as I happen to know. "Forgot," she said bitterly. "Of course you did. I might be sure you'd forget. What do you do down town, anyway?" And I almost wanted to say, "You forget, too, my dear!" This very day I saw a young fellow who was in need dismissed with a brusque "Can't see you now, very much engaged," from the office of a man who had once gone, hat in hand, to richer men and asked what the young man asked of him. I remembered, but he forgot! I told him of it too, and he was good enough to say, "Thank you, I forgot," and unless his looks belied him he was bound to remember next time. I think one of the most solemn little speeches on record was begun with two words, "Son, remember!" Sons and daughters remember! for more sins are committed from want of thought than you realize.

There are two parts in the telephone, as everyone knows, which are called the receiver and the transmitter. There are two kinds of women in society who may be labeled in the same way. The receivers are the confidantes, who know but never seem to know, who can hold the key to a mystery and not turn it in the lock, who could put the cap sheaf on a scandal if they liked, but who withhold it religiously; that safe kind of people to whom holding back information is easier than giving it away; and then, there are the transmitters, who, like the giddy telephone, carry your gentlest whispers from here to Hamilton, and again like the exasperating one-eyed box make you say things you never dreamed of saying. They ask you what you think, not that they may know, but that they may tell other people; they tell you how badly Mrs. A. feels because she wasn't invited, and how shockingly Miss B. frets over her fiancé's flirtation, and what Mrs. C. said to Mrs. D. about her daughter's dancing, and what Mrs. E. told about young F., who was tipsy at the supper table. When you tell them anything you may as well prepare to encounter your tale again in some far-off circle, for the transmitter will carry it there. And the oft-repeated query which reaches you through the telephone, "Who's speaking?" will be quite superfluous, for the transmitter is great on names. She always tells just who said it, if not just what was said! She makes lots of trouble for her friends, though she does not get into it herself, for she is only repeating the words of others, you know, and doesn't necessarily agree with them. If I were ever angry with anyone I think I should be angry with her and her sisters; original wickedness and venom have at any rate the merit of originality, but the second-hand mischief of the transmitter is from the scavenger barrel of society refuse.

I do love to call on brides. I suppose everyone does. It is such fun to see the little madam in the dignity of her early matronhood, with her pretty gowns and her pretty parlors and her bridal gifts about her. She is always so happy and friendly and pleasant, and it is quite worth a quarter to see the look that comes into her face when you ask after her husband. The other day we went calling on a bride whose whereabouts we were not quite

## THE ROYAL CHILDREN OF EUROPE.



No. 3--Princess Victoria of Edinburgh.



No. 4--Lady Alexandra Duff.

sure of. A merry girl said, "Just look out for new curtains and a lamp in the window and you'll find her." And so it was. The new curtains and that most charming adjunct to the modish parlor, the shaded lamp, betrayed her nest.

By the way, I wonder what loyal Darby and Joan first started the fashion of asking after the wife or husband of their friends as soon as they shook hands? Sometimes one has to prevaricate to answer! Mr. Gay always replies, "Very well indeed, thanks," though at diverse epochs I have been all but annihilated by a bicycle collision, or half-dead with bronchitis, or utterly prostrate from over-exertion of some sort. It makes not the least change in Mr. Gay's cheerful answer. Sometimes, when people ask for him, I am wicked enough to recite his exact condition, be it pathetic or ludicrous; then they say, "You awful woman!" showing that truth is not always expected of one in such matters!

LADY GAY.

## Light at Last.

A Sketch of the Life and Death of a Man Who Thought He Was an Infidel.

BY MACK.

JOHN BUTTERTHORNE was one of those men who, having been born with a desire for reading, which he gratified without observing any particular system, found himself when thirty-five somewhat celebrated in his township as a man of the most profound learning. Those honors in the gift of the people would have been thrust upon him but for one thing—he was an infidel. The repugnance which the generality of men feel for the holder of such unnatural views caused men to refrain from inviting him into public life. Moreover, his inclinations did not run in that direction. He had read of scholars and philosophers who had lived in humble seclusion, enthralled by a contemplation of truths broader than other men were capable of conceiving, and he wished to be regarded as one of these. In holding aloof from the arena of politics he felt that he was making a sacrifice for principle, inasmuch as it was his avowed contempt for religion that made political success impossible to him. This afforded him enduring comfort and he was never so contented as when he had a couple of his neighbors in his house listening to him as he expanded on his view of the case.

There never was a man with an unpopular opinion on any question who was too small and insignificant to gather about him a few disciples and imitators smaller and more insignificant again than he. Subscribing to a new doctrine is like subscribing one's name to a petition for or against anything whatever—there is a charm about it that a certain grade of mind cannot resist. Butterthorne had his disciples, young men to whom the seeming bravery of scepticism appealed effectively and old men who used it to suffocate their consciences and to deaden their ears against the cry of "Repent." These latter thought it easier to deny the existence of a hereafter than to prepare for it.

The founder of this small body of unbelievers left the work of the farm to his two sons as soon as they were considered at all old enough to stand the labor and worry of the task, and the sons of a man so incomparably in advance of his fellows naturally developed rapidly. At all events, as they came along with big, round eyes and red, chubby faces they were seized upon and forced into the hard and galling harness of labor and responsibility while other boys of their age were romping free as butterflies. The father's admirers said that this was but natural, as it gave that philosopher leisure to pursue his studies, but those not his friends pronounced him lazy in body as well as vicious in spirit. His sons imbibed the father's contempt for churches and church-going people, but the sons' scepticism became an unlovely thing, without the least logic or reason for a basis. The father disbelieved because he had convinced himself that he had found certain fallacies in Scripture, and examining these he satisfied himself that a tracing back proved the story of the creation to be but a crystallization of certain legends prevalent among ignorant heathens ere history commenced to be written. The sons disbelieved without knowing what it was that others believed in, and while they contemptuously denied all that their father denied they also entertained a cordial contempt for the reasoning and evidence upon which he based his unbelief. They did not bother with the facts; since there was to be no eternity why should they bother with the evidence that there would be none? The father occupied his infidel position because he had a nibble of learning that led him to ruinous conclusions; the sons, ignorant and dull, ac-

cepted his conclusions in a sneering, boorish and vulgar manner.

If you undermine a foundation the house will fall, and the characters of John Butterthorne's sons having had the basic principles of respect and reverence rudely removed, they also fell, to the surprise of the father and to the confusion of his theories. When an infidel causes a man to regard himself as only a higher type of animal, perishing at death as does a horse, he must expect from him only a higher type of animal habits, unless by the most painstaking system of training he inculcates in him an artificial morality; and every day must illustrate the profit and gain of practicing this morality, else it will be discarded. It is all well enough for a few scholarly sceptics to live the lives of gentlemen and claim that the cleanness of their moral records proves that if infidelity were universal crime and indecency would not increase, but all men are not scholars, nor would all men pose for the eye of the critic, holding themselves in restraint to demonstrate that they could be infidels and still live clean lives. Butterthorne, like Ingersoll, conscious that critical eyes were upon him and anxious to show that his abandonment of religion did not sever his allegiance to moral and civil law, walked uprightly among his fellow-men, but his sons, not caring a rap about the success of infidelity as a social movement, pursued unbelief to its logical sequence.

Their hearts were centers of sneers and selfishness. Anything was theirs that they could get and keep; those professing a higher sense of right and wrong than this were scoffed at as hypocrites. This life being everything, they held it to be their duty to make the most of it and extract from it all the gratification they could. In pursuing these objects they recognized no limits to their aggressiveness save those of restraint and penalty. They were the natural, crude, unvarnished product of infidelity.

The boys soon became tyrants in the home, combining to bluster down the father and mother and then warring each with his selfish nature against the other. They came to blows and fought brutally. In the village they drank to excess and were continually mixed up in shady transactions, until finally one of them fled the country to escape arrest for manslaughter and the other was imprisoned as the foolish accomplice of an expert swindler.

In his age John Butterthorne was forced to leave his books and with pallid brow and thin hands to resume the heavy labor of his farm. Here and there the country over, were men who were yet his disciples and illumined their souls with the reflected light of his unbelief. Alone, heart sore, in the open fields all day, the episodes of his life would troop across the stage of his memory and the hollow failure of it all would oppress him. At such times he would feel that Nature was an adversary with whom he was called upon to argue in defence of his principles, and to the rustling of the leaves he would retort with a passage from Tom Paine, and to the chirping of the birds he would respond with an eloquent sentence from Voltaire. But he felt sometimes that his answers were ineffectual, and one Sabbath morning when he heard the chimes from the town miles and miles away, he felt for a moment that his answers were profane.

Paralysis finally smote him down without power of speech, but he could use his right hand with pain and difficulty. He put a request on paper that his wife should send for several of his friends—they had been his disciples. When they came he was a sorry spectacle, a stricken old man. Around his invalid chair they gathered, some old as himself, others in the prime of manhood, and witnessed him write a message for them, at laborious intervals. And this is what he wrote:

"I am going to die. Looking through death's door I see things which I could not make out from a distance. I have taught my friends infidelity and wish to also give them the benefit of my later knowledge as well as the fruits of my earlier folly. I now believe in a future life. There is a heaven—there is a hell, a burning hell, and I belong to it."

Here the agitation of his friends and the sob of his wife caused an interruption of several minutes, and then the invalid resumed writing.

"The vanity born of a little reading made me what I was. I reckoned myself wiser than others, and would not embrace the beliefs accepted blindly by ignorant people. They were wise and I was foolish. My friends, I want you all to give up the things I taught you, for I am wiser at this moment than during all my life. If you cannot believe, may God forgive you, for though the blame is mine I would not dare ask forgiveness."

John Butterthorne was exhausted and could write no more. Two weeks later he died. A couple of his friends were impressed by his message, but the bulk of them hugged their principles all the closer and declared that the paralysis had affected John's mind or he would not have turned believer. They felt superior to what they called his weakness at the last pinch.

But his life and death shows that the hand which implants error may prove powerless to eradicate it, and that a man's life once lived is a sealed chapter which cannot be opened and revised by the trembling fingers of penitent age.

## Still Another Trolley Yarn.

It happened in a Yonge street trolley car, going north, that two of us boys were seated comfortably one on the other's knee, the car being crowded, when the following dialogue ensued, loud enough to be clearly heard by every passenger in the car, who smiled or giggled or laughed as was his, her or its particular custom (as the amused one happened to be man, woman or dude) on occasions like this.

"Look here, I say, Faltz, I've held a good many big babies in my day but you're the biggest one I ever nursed," said he who was underneath, holding his two legs together like huge clothes props cut off short, but which swayed and wiggled under the weight and strain that was being placed upon them and from which they attempted to escape at every notion of the car as it bounded forward with fresh impetus from each stopping-place on its electric errand to scare children, run down women, frighten horses, bewilder farmers, astonish dogs, darting brilliant sparks from its five wheels and constantly sounding its huge resonant voice in tones resembling that of the fire engine. The motor glides along with redoubled vigor.

The happy beneficiary of these clothes props wore a secret revengeful visage, and seemed to be dividing his thought 'twixt how to get square and also keep from coming to the ground and being soiled, which also sometimes happens to clothes that are not properly propped.

But now the car stops and two young ladies, very pretty (like most fair maidens in fairy tales), enter.

Prompted by the innate gallantry that has beautified mankind throughout the ages, Faltz sees his chance, seizes it, rises and offers his seat, on Strongarm's knee, to the fairer of these two fair damsels. Result—Tableau—The revenge is complete.

Strongarm, with a confused countenance, rises in a most confused manner and in a most confused way, which always happens to graceful men on occasions like this, resigns his seat, while Faltz, wearing a bland smile, remarks that "It is curious how some people forget their politeness until reminded by some good friend who has a charitable wish for their welfare." At which the short, stout passenger again laughs uproariously, and the bashful schoolgirl gives another coquettish giggle with renewed vigor.

The car has now reached Strongarm's street, and with the same confused manner which he formerly displayed he pulls the bell rope in a more confused way and still confused, walks so, out into a cold and cruel world, muttering many warm epithets that could not be put into cold type.

FALTZ.

## The Mail Carrier.

A wide, dazzling expanse of snow, brilliant under the bright sunshine and the clear, blue sky of a winter in the Canadian North-West. On bound the yelping sleigh dogs to the crack of the whip, and the driver regards anxiously the one distant cloud-blot in the sky as it spreads and grows, heralded by the cutting wind carrying the thick snowflakes.

The mail-carrier shudders. Ahead the endless trail loses itself in the vista unbroken save by a solitary clump of trees, and he is alone with his savage, ravenous team, in whom hatred of the master is only held in check by fear of the whip. Kicks, blows and scant food beget hate in man and beast alike.

The dogs stretch out on their breathless course; the sleigh swings in its glide, and faster and nearer comes the widening cloud and with it gray darkness, numbing cold and the sleep of eternity.

And now the storm roars around him in its gathered strength, dashing the thick snowflakes into his face, almost blinding him with their density, or whirling them across the plain in white pillars, blotting out the ill marked trail. What avails him his knowledge and strength against the sweep of the storm and the chill of death? It steals upon him and he, fighting, feels the grasp of its icy hand. Ah! The ruined hut and the sheltering trees, and madly he urges the panting team through the drifting snow. And now for a space the spirit of the storm pauses in his wild flight,

and through the lull the man sights the refuge. With the energy and effort of hope recalled it is reached, where before the warmth and glow of the hastily kindled fire the struggle and storm are forgotten.

Outside the tempest howls and shrieks in barked rage; inside the famishing dogs cower with savage snap and snarl, while glistening fangs and gleaming eyes bespeak the cravings of hunger. An oath, a shout, kicks and blows, and growls of menace are changed to yells of pain and fear, and the man roused by a sense of danger struggles against the lethargy of fatigue and heat. But his energies are dulled, and the voice of the wind, the rush of the tempest, even the sight of the threatening teeth cannot dispel the languor creeping over him.

With a shout of pain and rage he wakes, and with a flaming brand scatters the ravenous, emboldened brutes, who turn and crouch, whining, at the farther end of the hut. He throws on more wood and the dancing flames take shape and form, and the images of memory crowd round the lonely man.

Again slumber weighs him down and again he throws it off, for sleep, while savage hunger and hatred lie waiting, is death. The fire flickers and dies, and at last the eyelids droop, the head falls and fatigue conquers.

With stealthy, sneaking crawl, noiselessly the dogs creep towards the sleeping figure and with a howl they spring on it. There is a struggle and the flash of a knife in the dim light, oaths and yelps; thrice he beats them off with desperate nerve, thrice they drag him down with the taste of blood in their mouths. He is down again with the brutes at his throat and these struggle and cries grow fainter; there is a gasping moan, and the dogs tear and fight over a shapeless horror.

DOUGLAS GREGORY.

## At the Vocal Society's Concert.

At the Toronto Vocal Society's concert last week, I sat behind two old gentlemen who discussed their fallings in a tone so audible that I could not help hearing their every word. "Do you know," said the clean-shaven one, "I have a most reprehensible habit of sitting down on my hat at every conceivable opportunity. In fact, I never now wear anything but a soft hat on that account. But this evening I was fortunate enough to remember my falling, and I have it under my seat."

"Well, I don't think I ever could forgive a man who sat on mine," returned the other, laughing. "One may sit on one's own hat through absent-mindedness, but when one sits on another's, it savors of gross carelessness."

"So it does. Just for a moment, when I first came in, I thought I felt something under me, but I guess I won't have to buy another to-morrow."

L'Envoi.

While the National Anthem was being sung the clean-shaven old gentleman fished a hat out from under his seat and donned it.

"Excuse me," said the other; "you have my hat."

"No, I have not. Here's my name on the band. There's yours," and he pointed to a fedora beside his companion.

"That can't be yours," returned his friend, "because you've just risen off a wreck." And so he had.

The smile died away on my lips when I discovered the wreck was mine.

PEACEFUL JONES.

## The Truth About Apple Pie

They had started a conundrum club, and everyone was expected to come prepared with a number of good ones.

"I've got one," Anderson said.

"What is it?" queried the rest.

"When is an apple pie?"

He stopped, and everyone looked at him but said nothing.

"Well," asked a man across the room, "go on. What did you stop there for?"

"Go on? Where? What for?" he asked.

"Why, go on with your conundrum. When is an apple pie what?"

"That's what I said," he replied.

"Well, we know; but what is the conundrum?"

"When is an apple pie?"

"There isn't any sense in that," put in another. "What's the rest of it?"

"There isn't any rest," persisted Anderson.

"When is an apple pie?"

"When is an apple pie what?" yelled the others.

"Who said any apple pie what?"

"You did."

"I didn't. I didn't say anything about an apple pie."

"You did."

"I didn't."

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"You did."

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"You did."

"I didn't."

"You did."



# Under the Great Seal

A NOVEL

By JOSEPH HATTON

Author of "Clytie," "By Order of the Czar," "John Needham's Double," "Cruel London," Etc.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TRAGIC REVOLT OF ALAN KEITH.

Between the uninhabited island of Nasquappe and Demon's Ridge, on the northern coast of Labrador, lies the sheltered harbor of Wilderness Creek, of which Alan Keith had frequently spoken in his talks with Master Plympton about the future of Newfoundland.

At the main entrance from the sea the waves thunder in among boulder and solid rock. The noise of the breakers as they pound the iron coast can be heard far out to sea. The exit is a narrow outlet protected by steep cliffs that shelter it from the northern rollers. I speak of entrance and exit advisedly, for either way and both are open for those who have the courage to navigate them. Alan Keith, piloting in the Avenger, was the first ship's master who had ever dared to seek the shelter and repose of this secret and almost unknown harbor. The reader will remember how Keith had described its capacity to his neighbor and father-in-law. He had not, however, dreamed that he might one day drop an anchor there for such a ship as the Anne of Dartmouth after such an adventure as that of her capture and change of name. "Women like to change their names," Keith had remarked, "and this trull o' Ristack's is honored in her new one, and by all the saints she shall be the virago o' these Northern seas." Between the entrance from the ocean and the exit was the bay, of which Alan had spoken, lying ever as still and glassy as a land-locked lake. No kind of weather made any difference to its calm serenity. Salt as the outer ocean, it was a perfect mirror to the surrounding rocks, and it repeated in its vast depths the yellow sea-sand and the mighty boulders that fringed its silent margin.

On one hand the harbor was bordered by a rough bouldered beach that rose up, shelf upon shelf, into a tall promontory known by the mariner far and wide as a time-honored warning of danger. On the other hand the shore was a wilderness of jagged rock and stony hollows, a land of salty barrenness dotted with stunted growths of underwood and bracken, the home of sea-birds and other more fearsome fowl in the shape of imps and fiends of the pit, according to well approved tradition. In spring Wilderness Creek was accessible; and to Keith the entire region was a land of promise and fair weather.

The promontory was called Demon's Rock. It had at times of storm and tempest cast its awful shadow over sailors wrecked at the very entrance of the unknown harbor into which their broken ships with daring helmsmen at the wheel might have been steered and defied the wildest storm; but this coast of Labrador was to the general voyagers a God-forgotten country. None suspected it of the possibilities which had struck Alan Keith in his first fishing cruise among its strange and dangerous waters. At the base of Demon's Promontory climbing up from the sandy beach was an open wide-mouthed cave. Its entrance was a kind of natural hall-way; it might have been the approach to some giant's castle.

Penetrating its depths you soon became conscious of a light like a star shining afar off. Then your level path was impeded by an obstruction of rock and shingle. This was only the first of many natural ridges of rock, steps that led to the light which was an outlet from the cavern into the open country beyond. Alan Keith had climbed this stairway, and following a narrow shingly trail had eventually come upon a stretch of pleasant country where the berry bearing plants of the peninsula of Labrador grew in great variety. They consisted of partridge berries, huckleberries, wild currants and gooseberries, and as Keith had made his most notable excursion in the early days of autumn, he had become acquainted with the horticultural riches of Labrador when most he could appreciate them. Mosses of many colors, ferns, tall grasses and wild flowers made this oasis in the desert a little garden of paradise in summer; and there were days even in the severest winter when the air was dry and exhilarating and the skies a bright and lovely blue. Traveling a mile or two further afield Keith had found himself at the head of one of the flocks of the country bounded with noble forest trees, while game was as abundant as the most ardent hunter could desire. Here he had seen an encampment of Micmacs; but both Indian and Esquimaux appeared to be as shy of Wilderness Creek as were the navigators of the sea. It is true there was a trail from the cave of Demon's Rock that came eventually upon the little paradise of berry plants and flowers, but it was vague and uncertain, and had no appearance of recent use. Keith, judging from Plympton's information relating to the old country's troubles with the French, came to the conclusion that this trail was a relic of the aborigines in those latitudes, used afterwards by the Micmacs, who had during their incursions annihilated the original shy and unwarlike natives, to become themselves victims to the dominant race. The Micmacs were from Cape Breton and Nova Scotia. They were more or less allies of the French, and were supposed to have invaded the island in their interests; but the chief antipathies of the Micmacs appear to have been exercised against the aborigines, whom they slew or starved out of existence. The Micmacs established fishing and hunting grounds, and increased and multiplied, but only for a time. The latest historical incident connected with their settlement in Newfoundland is connected with the Governorship of Sir Thomas Duckworth, who in 1810 was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the island of Newfoundland and the islands adjacent, including those of St. Pierre and Miquelon and all the coast of Labrador, from the river St. John's to Hudson's Straits, and the island of Anticosti and others adjacent. He made a voyage which extended to the principal northern settlements and also to the little known country of Labrador. In the latter region he addressed a proclamation

to the Micmacs, Esquimaux and others, assuring them of the protection of the king. He further exhorted them to live peaceably together and avoid all causes of violence and bloodshed. He took great interest in the Indians of Newfoundland, and opened communications with a tribe on the Exploits river. Here with an expedition of a hundred and thirty men he induced four Indians to go away with him, leaving two marines as hostages. The Indians were to return with presents and pledges of peace. They did return with their escort, but to find the marines brutally murdered, their bodies bristling with arrows. The English interest in the Indian since that time has no doubt been equally sincere; but in our day Newfoundland has buried the last of the Micmacs. Had the home Governments of the time shown anything like a sympathetic interest in the English settlers, the fishery and other claims of France would have been just as completely laid at rest.

In the early days of his courtship of Hannah Plympton, and after their happy marriage, Alan Keith had speculated upon the advantages of a settlement hereabouts, with such winter arrangements of stores and provisions as would make the ice and snow as welcome as the summer sun and shower. He had in his mind that safe and sheltered harbor of Wilderness Creek for the laying up of ships and boats locked in with icy bergs and yet sheltered from the belt of northern storms of sleet and snow, a veritable retreat from the influences of envy and free from the attacks of avarice. Plympton had smiled at Keith's stories of the place, knowing the character it bore and having had in days gone by some experience of its dangers and its icy gaits. As for Wilderness Creek affording an entrance for anything larger than a cockleboat, Plympton paid tribute to Alan's seamanship in questioning if any other Newfoundland fisherman would risk a smack in the attempt, or make any comparison between Wilderness Creek and St. John's, where a chain drawn across the gate-like entrance to the harbor was out of the question, seeing that you entered St. John's from the open sea, while Wilderness Creek, so called, was approached through waterways beset with hidden rocks, by shoal and devils of all kinds, the creek itself acting as a sucker to drag a boat to destruction. Plympton contended that Alan must have found some other course than that of Wilderness Creek, but Alan knew that the father of Heart's Delight emphasized his objections to Labrador because he loved the settlement that was his home, and Alan finding the Northern coast and its inland country so much better than its reputation, was inclined to paint it in exaggerated colors. He had not, however, done Wilderness Creek and its lonely harbor any more than justice. It is true he was a skilful navigator, but he was more, he was both wise and cautious. He had made a regular sailing chart of the course into Wilderness Creek, and had sailed his smack over it in all weathers, after and before the fishing. Spring and early autumn were the seasons when he best knew the rock-strewn coast, and in his somewhat exaggerated way he had declared to his father-in-law that the approach to the creek was "as safe as a canal." If only Plympton had listened with faith to Alan, or Alan had acted upon the instinctive alarm of Plympton as to the future of Newfoundland, what happiness might have been in store for them and for Hannah and the infant, David Keith, whose young life which had begun with promise of fair weather was now beset with perilous storm and tempest.

Not even the romantic and fiery Scotchman's bitterest enemy could have invented the sad and dreary circumstances under which he came to seek the shelter of this rock-protected, and in winter, ice-blocked harbor of Wilderness Creek. His first daring act of reckless courage and loving devotion, after the sanguinary vengeance he and his comrades had taken upon the Anne of Dartmouth, was to seek the new settlement of Heart's Content.

At a point or two beyond the neck of land which had run out into the sea like a sheltering arm of comfort to Heart's Delight, Keith had landed in the disguise of his stubble beard and haggard face, supplemented with some strange garments found on board Ristack's ship, and had made his way to Back-Bay Valley, only to find his worst fears fulfilled. He stood on the fringe of the little cemetery that had been marked out by reverent hands to witness its inauguration with all that remained of the sweet and angelic woman who had blessed him with her wifely companionship and was the mother of his infant son. He knew the moment he set foot in the new settlement, that the coffin covered with wild flowers that rested by an open grave enshrouded the woman of all others in the world, whom it seemed to him the Almighty might have spared, not for him alone, but for the good of all creation, to be a light of sweet and blessed piety, and example of charity and love, too good and beautiful he knew for so worldly and coarse a comrade as himself, but one whom he could worship as a type of all that was heavenly, sweet and true.

And so he stood on the outskirts of the sorrowful crowd, and joined speechless, yet with all his aching heart and soul, in the holy service that Father Lavello read and chanted, and listened to his gracious and pathetic words of certain prophecy of bliss for her holy spirit. Alan did not murmur a single word of prayer or hope, but the tears fell down his sunken cheeks, heavy drops of bitter agony. He had not the heart to speak to a soul then or thereafter, but he allowed them to go away—his father-in-law Plympton, the good priest, Pat Doolan, Sally the nurse, and the rest of his friends and companions.

When night came he crept to the spot where they had laid her and fell upon his face in an agony of grief. "Oh, just heaven! give her back to me!" he cried. "Mother of God, what have I done to be so afflicted!" The leaves

rustled in the trees, and a night bird called to its mate. "Dear wife—sweetheart, if I could only have held thee in my arms and said good-bye, a sma' mercy that, God knows!" Then he groveled by the grave and prayed that he might pass away there and end his woes forever. When the dews of morning mingled their tears with his he kissed the wet earth that lay soft and tearful above her, and went his way. He was another man, not the chastened sinner, intent on making himself worthy to meet her in heaven. All the good that was in him when her voice was heard in the land and the light in her eyes seemed to make all things glad, fell away from him as he strode out for the beach where his boat was lying. He was once more the avenger, his soul tossed upon a sea of passion, as it was when on the deck of the captured ship he had sworn to make his crew rich with gold and silver and his own life one of devilish reprisal for the ills that tyranny and misfortune had heaped upon him, always provided—and this was a sort of Jesuitical reservation—that God would spare Hannah to him and make her days happy in his love.

No prayer of his or of the priest's, no supplication of Hannah's had been vouchsafed any other answer than such as the fiend himself might have made; and henceforth he would repay evil with evil. The soul of Nero had entered his bosom, untempered even by one single thought of his child. It was strange that his love for Hannah should not have made him keenly sensible of that legacy of her love; but losing her, the great world of good was a blank.

A natural sympathy with religious hopes and fears might have made him thoughtful of the things that Hannah might have liked him to do had she been able to guide him with her tender thoughts and human aspirations. But it was as if the devil had taken possession of him. Had Father Lavello, an unusually enlightened priest for those days, been consulted upon Keith's state of mind he would have proceeded to exorcise the fiend that had entered into the body of his otherwise honest and manly parishioner at Heart's Content. Keith had given Back-Bay Valley this name of happy augury, but it cast no sunny light upon his soul; it only breathed to him of the direst misfortune on account of which in his madness he conceived himself entitled to the direct vengeance even upon those who had had no hand in the misery that had befallen him.

Without a word to any living soul, he left the new made grave and strode away to the rendezvous where his boat awaited him. Plympton would hardly have known his familiar friend had he met him bending his way along unaccustomed forest paths, breaking through tangled jungle, now bursting out upon stretches of open shore and shingle, a gaunt giant, pressing forward on some tremendous mission.

Pride in an angel made the first devil. Unrequited love has changed gentle natures to bloody murderers. Misfortune will make a hell of a veritable paradise. Injustice and misfortune, twin spoilers of happy homes, had turned all that was great and good and pure in Alan Keith's nature to gall and wormwood, to sour and bitter, to devilry and debauch.

Not alone under the curse of the fishing admirals but under the vengeful action of Alan Keith, both Heart's Delight and Heart's Content became a desolation of justice and revenge. Troops from the garrison of St. John's marched upon Heart's Content and took away David Plympton, Patrick Doolan and three other settlers on charges of high treason. They were put on board a warship that had come round in defence of the fisheries to be met with the tokens of revolt that Heart's Delight and the rear admiral of the fishing fleet had found in the mutilated bodies of Ristack and Riddock, grim and ghastly lodgers in the ooze that rankled round the piles of Plympton's boat-house and fish-stage. The settlement of Heart's Delight being already broken up, its humble homes in ruins, the governor of St. John's, stimulated by the hope of distinction and reward, concluded to root out the settlement whose traitorous founders had been known to express sympathy with the rebellious colonists, and who were suspected on reliable evidence of leaguings with the mutineers of the Anne of Dartmouth. The disappearance of John Freddie, the Eastern man, Damian, the dwarf, Dick, the builder, and others, the most resolute of the men of Heart's Delight, was a sufficient vindication of the action of St. John's.

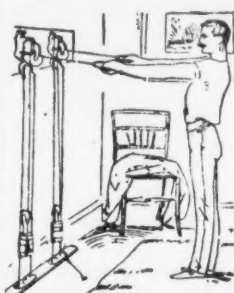
It was in many ways an historic and tragic season the fishing that last saw the admirals in full and uncontrolled authority of the coasts and settlements of Newfoundland; for spite of watchful cruisers, which had plenty to do to hold the English commerce of the seas from the ravages of hostile fleets, the Pioneer and her consort with his rear admiral's ensign flying were captured and burnt, the light of their oily cargoes, the fiery flakes of their flaming ropes and tackle illuminating the desolated shores of Heart's Delight. The crews, stripped of everything they possessed, were allowed to put off in boats unarmed and unprovided, all except the rear admiral of the fleet, who was hanged at his own yard-arm, where he swung to and fro in the fire until he fell a crackling mass into the sea.

But the booty which Alan Keith promised his comrades had yet to come, and come it did with startling rapidity. He was no respecter of nationalities; he was a Yankee when it pleased his fancy, and a Britisher when most he honored a foreign foe. The ship in which he achieved his greatest victories, or, as the Home Government would have described it, his worst outrage, was the St. Dennis, a French sloop of war of thirty guns. The capture was made a few leagues away from the northernmost point of Labrador. The Avenger in response to the Frenchman's salute, hoisted the stars and stripes. The Frenchman put off a boat and invited the Yankee to come aboard. Keith accepted the invitation. He related something of his grievances against the mother country and showed the papers with which Plympton had entrusted Freddie; the Frenchman was hilarious over the success he had already won at sea in attacks on British commerce, and Alan Keith gave vent to his aspirations for the freedom of the colonies and his glory in the new flag of liberty. Furthermore, Alan spoke of his capture and burning of the fishing ships, and the

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we dinna yet understand our French lassie's ways. By—lads, she's coming down upon us; we'll barely clear her broadside if she delivers it. Ah, ab, he kens we'll do it!"

And they did, for the mighty hall of lead hurled past them. For a moment it seemed as if the St. Dennis had caught herself the scent of danger and was willing to escape. The next moment bending before the wind that filled every sail, she fairly bounded over the waves, her course dead on towards Promontory Rock.

The warship gave chase and sent a flying shot or two in the wake of the cruiser to keep the game alive, but the St. Dennis gradually drew out of range. Then the enemy manoeuvred smartly for so large a vessel to come by the wind and lay the retreating ship once more under her guns, evidently expecting the St. Dennis to change her course, which otherwise must land her upon the rocks of Labrador. Several of Keith's own men in whispers questioned the wisdom of trying to make Wilderness Creek in such a gale. They had made their first entrance through the rocky waterways in fine weather. The dangers were sufficiently apparent then, but now with the clouds so heavy that it was difficult to say which was sea and which sky, and with a ship that was new to them, even Donald Nicol questioned the wisdom of his chief in steering for Wilderness Creek.

"Better die fighting our ship than broken to bits on the rocks," said Nicol.

Keith heard the remark. It was intended for him. He paid no attention to it. While he issued his orders as calmly as if he were piloting a yacht on a calm and sunny lake, he watched intently the chasing ship.

"She leaves us to our fate," he said presently to Freddie, who stood by his side. "Ah, ah! my lads, she quits the chase; by the honor o' bonnie Scotland, if she'd raked us once we'd been lost!"

The commander of the three-decker was not to be tempted beyond the line of safe navigation. He lay to and watched the cruiser as she pelled on her way to what not he alone, but safer mariners on board the flying ship regarded as her sure and unavoidable destruction.

(To be Continued.)

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## The New British Rustics.

One of the most striking signs of the times is the steady decay of a distinct type of British peasantry. Villagers, farm laborers and rustics generally, as they are illustrated in old prints and described in old books, are gradually, indeed speedily, becoming things of the past. You seldom see a smock-frock on a countryman, except he be an old man, and even then what the younger fraternity is derisively termed an old-fashioned chap. Instead, you will find the majority of the aged and all of the young men clad in the common, every-day dress of the towns, save that the clothes are more ill-fitting and clumsily made. Time was when a clean-shaven English "Hodge" was the rule, his only attempt at hirsute appendage being small, neatly kept whiskers from ear to chin on each side of his jaw, a joining together in a fringe underneath being sometimes permissible. Such a thing as a beard or mustache (certainly never the latter alone) was unheard of. But now! Why, your plowman looks for all the world like a dragoon in plain clothes, and plain clothes of the latest style.

One day recently while walking along a Hampshire road, on one side of which the late autumn plowing had been carried forward into the almanac's first day of winter, I was accosted by the plowman, who stopped his smoking team for a moment while his attendant plowboy scraped the clinging, chalky soil from the share, and asked the time of day. He wore a narrow-brimmed, stiff Derby (to use an Americanism unknown in England), a short-waisted, cutaway black tail-coat, loose trousers and colored flannel shirt. His hair was neatly cut, and he sported a dark and well-shaped mustache (his only facial hair), which would have done credit to an officer of light cavalry. Nor did he use a syllable of dialect.

"Can you tell me what o'clock it is, sir?" was all he said. And there was never a hat-touch accompanying the request, let me observe. No doubt his father would have pulled his forelock and said: "Wot be toime o' day, maester!" But he would have worn a snow-white smock, tight cord breeches and leather leggings, an unbleached calico shirt, hob-nail boots, a loose red handkerchief round his neck, and either a high beaver or a soft, wide brimmed felt hat, or, maybe, a knitted cap.

Nor are the women behind the men in such matters. In place of sun-bonnets, red cloaks, linsey-woolsey petticoats, blue yarn stockings, and large, heavy shoes, such as their mothers and grandmothers wore, you will see bed-floored, and befattered, and beribboned straw or felt hats, tight-fitting jackets, fashionably made gowns, cashmere "hose," and as fashionably shaped and as well-made boots as the nearest town's shoe shops can provide. Where yarn "mitts" used to satisfy all requirements against the cold of winter, now even in summer kid gloves are the rule.

I was visiting at the house of a lady friend in one of the larger towns of a southern county not long ago, and, among other topics of conversation, we were discussing the very subject of this letter—the decadence of the British peasantry as a type. At the time I was not so positive in my views as I am now, and so expressed myself to my lady friend, who had very decided opinions in favor of the affirmative of the proposition. While we were talking, the footman came into the room and handed a letter to his mistress, which she read.

"Very well," she answered; "I'll ring when I want to see her." Then turning to me as the man departed she said, "I'm sure we shall find an illustration of what I claim, if you won't mind staying in the room while I see a young woman who has applied for the situation of my kitchen maid. This is a note from the rector of her parish, highly recommending her. She comes from a village about four miles out in the country, and" (looking at the letter again) "is the daughter of the head gamekeeper on Lord Babbicombe's estate, Mottistone Towers. You know it?"

I told her I did not; but that did not signify, as I should be glad to see the young woman all the same.

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Dugdale—so let us call her—"I'll have her in. You know, I always see my servants before I engage them. I won't trust the housekeeper. I only hope her mother has come with her, and she sang the bell for the young woman to come in.

"Pardon me," said I, while we waited. "Why do you hope for the presence of the mother of this young person?"

"Why, to let you see the contrast, of course. So that you may observe the great—But, hush. Here she is."

The footman threw the drawing-room door open with a flourish, but without a syllable of speech accompanying it, and pompously ushered in a tall, slight, handsome young girl of about nineteen, dressed in a blue serge skirt and tight jacket, which fitted her small waist closely; a pair of neat, though not very small, high-heeled shoes exhibiting themselves beneath the broad hem of her striped under-petticoat, with an inch or two of fine-ribbed, cashmere black stockings showing above them. A cock's feather was knotted round her neck, and she wore brown kid gloves, with broad back stitings (they were men's gloves, it is true), while a wide-brimmed black felt hat, with red feathers, sat jauntily on the top of the coils of her carefully arranged chestnut hair, which fell in a "fringe" over her forehead. A black dotted veil was tightly drawn across her nose. She stalked in with a confident stride, and giving Mrs. Dugdale a smiling nod, stood looking her over from top to toes. Following her closely came a small woman of between fifty and sixty, bare-headed and shambling, a large, old-fashioned black straw bonnet, with a "curtain" covering her head, and a gray woolen shawl held together by one hand over a plain cotton gown. In her free hand she clutched the handle of a square wicker basket with a lid, and she dropped a courtesy as she crossed the threshold. Mrs. Dugdale gave a quick glance of mixed frown and smile from one to the other, and then elevated her eyebrows to me. She then began the usual preliminary questioning, to which the young woman replied with a series of simpering, affected "yes'm's," while she wriggled her shoulders, pushed on the fingers of her gloves, or adjusted her veil, her mother looking anxiously on, apparently eager to get in a favorable word for her daughter, but held in check by admonitory side glances from the latter.

"And you understand kitchen work?" said Mrs. Dugdale, doubtfully.

"Oh, yes'm," wriggled the girl. "She be a rare 'un for cookin', mum. That she be," blurted out the mother, unable longer to restrain her tongue.

"Quiet, mother," whispered the daughter, with a scowl.

"And your name?" said Mrs. Dugdale.

"Blanche Geraldine, m."

"That is quite enough," Mrs. Dugdale replied, ringing the bell quickly. "You needn't trouble to see Mrs. Simmons."

"Then you be goin' to engage her?" beamed the mother, hopefully. "I be that glad, I do. I hope as how she'll keep this place, mum, for she don't find no place to suit her, mum."

"I am not surprised at that," answered Mrs. Dugdale dryly. "No, I am sorry to say that she must add this to her list of places that won't suit her. At all events, she won't suit the place. Good-day to you. That will do," as the footman appeared to show them out.

The young woman tossed her head.

"I told 'ee how 't would be! I know'd it!" cried the mother, as, first dropping another courtesy, she turned and followed her daughter, who flounced defiantly out into the hall.

"It's all along o' them there furbelows, and feathers, an' tight stays. I know'd it. That I did, I know'd it."

"What do you say to that?" said Mrs. Dugdale to me, as the footman closed the door.

I think I may ask the reader the same question.—Cockaigne, in San Francisco Argonaut.

## Those Candle Chandeliers.



"What are you looking at, Uncle Silas?" "Jes' lookin' at them tinned candles. Oorn to home only last one night, an' these has burnt a hull week."

## Too Much for Him.

A young woman carrying a small hand basket got on the car at one of the way stations and sat down meekly in a seat behind which the inquisitive desperado with chin whiskers was ensconced.

The car was very hot and close and the young woman wanted to say good-bye to her friend on the platform, so she raised the window an inch or two to speak through it.

"Put down that window, young woman!" thundered the car terror at her back.

She did not hear, but went on with what she was saying: "Tell John to tell Mary to write often and—ouch!" For at that moment the car window began to descend, and the girl just escaped having a broken neck.

It was the man behind her who had shut it, and as he did so he made a discovery that caused him to snort with indignation.

"Here, conductor," he called, as the car began to move, and that official at once stopped to see what the matter was.

"Look in that basket," said the desperado.

"I haven't any right to," said the conductor sternly.

"Yes, you have; I say you have, ha! Did you see that lid move! Look there, conductor."

The conductor looked and saw a tiny black nose protrude a moment from the cover of the basket. It was instantly withdrawn.

"Madam," said the conductor, in a voice calculated to raise seventeen sleepers instead of seven, "you must send that dog to the baggage car."

"That dog?" asked Miss Rustic innocently. "The one in your basket."

"But there is no dog in my basket, I assure you, sir."

"Oh, those little deceptions won't go down with me. You are breaking the company's rules and making yourself liable to a misdemeanor. Hand over the basket."

"Here it is, conductor," said the inquisitive fiend, reaching over and grabbing the basket, "here's the dog, too, and—Oh, Lord, murder, take it off—it's the—the—"

"It's only a tame black squirrel," said the young woman; "it won't kill anybody."

"Take it off," shrieked the car terror as it frisked in his hair, and the squirrel's mistress, fearing it would be killed in the melee, called it back and shut it up in the basket.

As the conductor had no schedule about squirrels he did not interfere with this one, and the man who was the cause of the trouble sneaked into the smoking car and stayed there the rest of the trip.—Detroit Free Press.

## Stub Ends of Thought.

The man who thinks he is good is really not much better than the man who thinks he is bad.

No man ever bought his way into heaven by leaving his money to the needy after he had started that way.

How many more of us sorrow for what we have not done than rejoice for what we have done.

The highest church steeple on earth is not as near heaven as a sack of flour left in a poor woman's cellar.

Put out your hand before you put up your prayer.

The colder the winter the warmer our hearts should be.

Don't wait for somebody else to show you how to do right.

There are sermons in socks, prayers in potatoes, benedictions in bread, consolation in coal, hallelujahs in hams, Christianity in clothes and salvation in soup for the needy and suffering in the freezing cold of winter.

Let your right hand know what your left is doing and pull together.

Angels' crowns are made of the souls of good women.—Detroit Free Press.

## One Mother's Mistake.

"It seems to me," said a woman lately, one whose sons and daughters are grown up and out in the world, "that if I had my children to bring up over again I would give up everything and devote myself to each till he was five years old. What I did was to employ nurses—that a travesty of the tenderly significant word—from infancy to about that time, when I looked after them myself. One of my children—he is a married man now—cherishes still a most unreasoning fear of the dark, even of passing an open door of an unlighted apartment, because, forsooth, years ago in his babyhood a nurse urged him to sleep lest a wolf should come out of the dark and get him."

"A second son will carry to his grave a nervous dread of laughing, born of a practice by another nurse of showing her large, white, glittering teeth in a mirthless grin when, as an infant, he fretted. I caught her at it one day and instantly sent her away, but the mischief was done, and I have been helpless to combat it. And my nurses were no worse than my neighbors."

"A child's caretaker should be a child lover, and one who loves a child like his mother. I long to say to every young mother I know, 'Stay with your babies if you possibly can until they are big enough to know what is going on about them; let maids wait upon and assist you in supplying their needs, but let no nurse (I have a chance to do them ignorant and life-lasting harm.'—N. Y. Times.

## A Drummer's Nerve.

A Boston drummer had borrowed \$10 from a Springfield merchant, and for a year had been calmly destroying all the angry duns which the merchant sent. One day the Springfield man went to Boston, blazing with rage and determined to order his winter goods from another firm.

He walked into the drummer's office with fire in his eyes. But it had no effect on the agent. The latter grasped his hand and enquired about all the folks.

"That's all right," said the Springfield man, "but will I have to take my money out in bluff?"

## Just Missed It.



Miss Pitt—And so you were in the Crimean war, major! Were you with the Light Brigade in their heroic charge? Major Ananias Bieff—I—oh—came very near being in that historic charge, Miss Pitt. Never was so disappointed in my life. They would take but six hundred, and I—oh—was No. 601.—Puck.

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## IN A DAY.

LAWRENCE, KANS., U. S. A., Aug. 9, 1888.

George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using

ST. JACOBS OIL.

He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M.D.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."





## Music.

**T**HOSE peripatetic Mercuries, the letter carriers of Toronto, gave their first annual concert at the Pavilion on Thursday evening of last week, before a large audience. They were unfortunate in being disappointed, for various causes, in the expected assistance of Mrs. Frank MacKellan, Miss Jessie Alexander and Miss Minnie Gaylord. However, the participation of Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Laura McGillivray, and Mr. Edgar J. Ebbels was secured and a pleasant evening was spent, further assistance being rendered by the Toronto Male Quartette, Mr. W. H. Robinson, Master Bertie Plant, Mr. Harry Rich, and Mrs. H. M. Blight.

I went on Monday evening to the Academy of Music to take in the Nelson Opera Company in The Bohemian Girl, and I was more than ever struck with the poverty of incident and of music with which we were satisfied thirty or forty years ago. A few ballads, one chorus (for it bobs up serenely every few minutes) and a trio make up the opera that delighted me in my boyhood. Now its terrible orchestral vacancy appalls me. And yet I have wept over Sallie Holman's woes as Arline! Those were the jolly days when we had a stock opera company here. Some funny things were done in those days, one of which was the arrangement of Trovatore sung by the Holmans, in which that work was made quite a comic opera, Ferrando and Ruiz supplying the comedy element at the hands of Billy Crane and Al Holman. There was enterprise then, too. In September, 1868, the Bateman French Opera Company gave two performances, in the old Music Hall, of La Grande Duchesse and La Belle Helene, with Jostee and Lambelle as the chief attractions. The Holman family was present and in two weeks produced La Grande Duchesse in splendid style, Sallie Holman made it her best part and succeeded immensely with it. Her rendition of it dwells green in the memory of all the old heads about town. On the first night, a callow youth who has since become a bank manager, and who had then loaned the company his grandfather's sword, was in one of the boxes at the old Lyceum and was recognized by the *jeunesse doree*, whose gathering place was in the south-east corner of the pit. In those days conversation between these young blades and the rest of the house was somewhat free, and during the great *voici le sabre* chorus the house was surprised to hear loud and emphatic calls from the pit: "Jim, go and get the sword of your grandfather!" very much to the consternation of our young awl.

Ah, me! as we grow old we become garrulous, and I am afraid that I am becoming too discursive in this instance. Returning to the Bohemian Girl of to-day, I may say that the Nelson Opera Company gave a fair performance of the opera. The chorus was composed of twelve young ladies and six young gentlemen, who sang very fairly and who looked very well in the main. The girls are pretty enough—some of them—and the men looked just villainous enough to pass for gypsies. Two young ladies announced as "premier danseuses" late of the Kralffy's Ballet, danced a mild *pas de deux*, and no enlivened proceedings, which threatened sometimes to become funeral. Miss Essie Barton as Arline was very pleasing and attractive, singing with good taste. Miss Edith Barton acted very creditably in the sombre role of the Gypsy Queen. The Count Arnheim of Mr. Frank D. Nelson was a very good rendition, being played with care and evident conscientiousness. Mr. George W. Traverer, who was down on the programme as Thaddeus, was known to be suffering from a sore throat. The young gentleman who sang his part seemed to be suffering in the same manner; indeed, he might have been the original himself, so husky was he. Fortunately he was not called upon to repeat the Fair Land of Poland. I have always thought it very funny when this song is encased, to see the singer work himself into an agony as to what he shall present to Count Arnheim when he comes to the closing line, "Let this attest," having already deposited his commission with the count, and having no other proof handy. Mr. John Henderson made a passable Florestin, and a capital Devil's Hoof was found in Mr. Maurice Hageman. A curious anachronistic anomaly was visible in the last act. The count appeared in gorgeous raiment of the style we generally see in pictures of Lord Essex and Sir Walter Raleigh, while Florestin wore a modest footman's dress of the last century, and Arline was brilliantly decked out in modern evening dress. La Mascotte held the boards the latter half of the week, too late for notice in this issue.

At the Pavilion on January 30, a concert will be given under the auspices of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association in aid of St. Michael's Hospital. The talent secured for the concert is of the first excellence and includes Mrs. Frank MacKellan of Hamilton, who is always a favorite with Toronto audiences; Miss Marguerite Dunn of the Philadelphia School of Oratory; Mr. George Cox, violinist; Mrs. Isidore Klein and Miss Sullivan of the Toronto College of Music, and Messrs. J. F. Kirk, F. A. Anglin and W. E. Ramsay. The concert is under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington. The first public recital given by Miss Dunn, which took place last week, occasioned considerable interest, and it is safe to say that the quality of her work placed Miss Dunn at this single step in rank with the two or three whose fame is already established. The C. M. B. A. have had the cordial approbation of His Grace the Archbishop, who has lent every assistance toward forwarding the welfare of the hospital, and the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will honor the event with their patronage and presence. Plan at Nordheimer's.

Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, who was for so many years a popular vocal teacher and conductor here, has permanently settled at 224 Fifth Avenue, New York City, where he has begun the practice of his profession under very favorable auspices, congratulatory notices having already appeared in the press of that city.

Miss Maud Fuller, who may be remembered

in Toronto as a promising contralto who sang at the Carlton street Methodist church under Mr. Buck, has been winning success in Montreal, where she is now a resident. She recently gave a concert, at which she made a most favorable impression by her excellent singing.

The principal concert event of this season will take place on Friday evening, February 10, at the Pavilion, when a concert will be given, bearing on its programme the world-renowned names of Mme. Lillian Nordica, Mme. Sofia Scalchi, Signor Italo Campanini, and Signor Giuseppe Del Puente. These artists will be assisted by Miss Helen Dudley Campbell, and Mr. Emil Fischer. The latter I especially recommend to the Toronto public as a most delightful basso. The second part of the programme will be devoted to selections from Cavalleria Rusticana. Messrs. Suckling have this concert in hand, which is of itself a guarantee of success. METRONOME.

Two of our well known Canadian composers, Mrs. Moore of London and Mr. Angelo M. Read of St. Catharines, have recently been successful competitors in contests inaugurated by the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia. A prize of \$100 was awarded Mrs. Moore for the best set of waltzes, and Mr. Read won one of the prizes of \$25 for the four best hymn tunes to the words I Am the Light of the World. The committee in announcing the award to Mr. Read expressed much pleasure at securing a "hymn tune so full of devotional feeling" as the one sent in by him. Mrs. Moore's waltzes were heard here during the recent Music Teachers' convention, when they created a most favorable impression.

The above paragraph goes to prove that we have native composers capable of writing music which commends itself on its merits. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country" seems to apply forcibly to several of our talented composers, and I trust other such avenues will be opened to enable them to win success since our own country offers so little opportunity. The lack of popular success of really meritorious original compositions by Canadian composers has a tendency to dampen their ardor and makethem suspicious of their genuine creative musical ability. Hence many who are thoroughly competent find little glory and less wealth accumulating as a result of their efforts in this direction. Composition is then laid aside for the more remunerative occupation of teaching, which eventually absorbs all their spare time.

We have a class of would-be composers, however, whose activity in the issuing of new "works" is only equalled by their innocent hopefulness that some day the world will awaken to a realization of their greatness and discover in them the legitimate successors of Beethoven and Wagner. Without any preliminary musical training, these deluded mortals dabble in "original" composition, publish (at their own expense) a number of songs, etc., on patriotic, sentimental and sacred topics, then with childish confidence await the plaudits of the world. In their mind's eye they sum up possible "royalties" on their efforts, and possible success seems assured. They invariably shed tears of compassion as they think of the lives of the great masters of the past who labored without recognition in their days, and contrast this sad state of affairs with the honors that are about to burst upon themselves. But alas! when the publishers' bills are presented with a report of "no sales," "copies on approbation" returned unsold, etc., etc., who can fathom the depths of disappointment into which such fond hopes have been dashed? Some, no doubt, seek consolation in the thought that other great men, Schubert for instance, fared likewise, and as they put up on the shelf the bulky sum total of unsold copies, they fondly hope that when they have passed away from this vale of tears some future Mendelssohn may discover the precious creations and secure for them a long denied recognition. The innocent pride with which this class of composers forward to their old friends and schoolmates copies of their efforts, with the inscription, "Compliments of the composer," is touching in the extreme. When, however, the "innocent pride" assumes such dimensions that prominent members of the profession are likewise graciously remembered, the case is particularly sad one and has our kindest sympathy.

Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison (Seranus) furnishes an interesting article on Choir and Choir Singing in Toronto, in the January number of *The Dominion Illustrated Monthly*. Mrs. Harrison treats the subject in her usual manner, avoiding unnecessary comparisons of different local organizations, and giving particular attention to the various forms of Anglican choirs. Mrs. Harrison evidently is not an enthusiastic concerning the "female element in choirs" as the Rev. Dr. Hawes, who has recently spoken decisively on the same subject in several English journals. Excellent portraits of Miss S. E. Dallas, Mrs. J. M. Bradley, Messrs. W. E. Fairclough, F. Warrington and two choir boys of St. Simon's church lend added interest to this timely article.

An excellent service of song was held in the Carlton street Methodist church on Thursday evening of last week. The usual anthems by the choir, including a very effective chorus by Barnby and Mozart's Gloria from the Twelfth Mass, were rendered in a manner which reflected most creditably upon the choir and Mr. D. E. Cameron, the conductor. Several organ solos by Mr. W. H. Hewlett, Jr., the talented organist of the church, who also played all the accompaniments, were among the most enjoyable numbers on the programme. An interesting essay on Chopin was read by Mr. Cameron and illustrated by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, who played the well known Scherzo in B flat minor. This is a novel feature here, which commends itself, making intelligible to a greater degree the classical works of the great masters, particularly to a general audience. Mr. George Fox of Hamilton performed several selections on the violin in a thoroughly artistic manner, arousing the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. The masterly performance of Wieniawski's Legende

would have reflected credit upon many a more pretentious performer with years of European study behind him. I trust that the good work done for Mr. Fox by his master, Herr Baumann of Hamilton, will eventually be supplemented by several years of study abroad, the result of which should secure for him a place in the front rank of American violinists. MODERATO.

## All Know Him.

He was in the seat in front of me, reading a yellow book which had been loaned him by the train-boy. He knew the train-boy, and seemed to know most of the people at the stations. When the train stopped he would raise the window, push out his head and yell at the agent or operator. They would respond with hearty surprise and joyous profanity.

It was at Pegasus, I believe, where the operator came out and shook hands through the window. "Know any new stories, Mac?" he asked. "Say, I've got a bird, but it's too long to tell now. I'm goin' in to the house to spend Sunday, but I make you some time next week. How's the fairy?"

"She was askin' for you at the house yesterday."

"Get out!"

"I'm giving it to you straight."

Then it was at Mount Carmel where he leaned out of the coach as we drew up to the quai station and waved his hand at a white-aproned figure in a window of the Occidental Hotel across the street. She did not seem to recognize him until the train had started, and then her response was frantic. She shook a pillowcase at the retreating train and motioned for someone to come. Just as the view was shut off by a red elevator I saw two capped heads hanging from the window.

At the second stop after that, while the man in front was getting deep into the chapters of his book, a girl with one of those flat, masculine hair and a feather boa came tripping down the aisle. Her brown hair was lifted into defiant curls, and she chewed gum with serious vigor and a lateral motion of the jaw. She caught the eye of the traveling man, who immediately dropped his book and straightened up in the seat to make room for her.

Said he: "Hello, Min! Which way?"

"Why, hed-do, Mac? Why, I'm goin' to Frankfort. How air ye anyway?"

"Oh, so-so; how are you comin' on?"

"Oh, all right. Y' ain't been to Flory for a long spell, have ye?"

"That's right. Aw, I quit makin' these whistling posts. They ain't no business in my line there. An' say, that's the bummiest hotel old Sanders keeps I ever see."

"That's right."

"Well, I should say so. Say, I had a kick comin' six months before I quit puttin' up there. Say, he had the freshest lot o' dinin' room girls I ever see. You know Kate Mahaffy?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, say, Min, honest gawd, one day I seen her set a plate o' soup down in front of that little feller that sells notions out o' Terry Hut. He kicked like a steer, and what d'ye think? Kate up and says to his nibe: 'Wire noodles to-day, mister; no extra charge.' What d'ye think o' that, eh? Got her nerve with her?"

"That's right," responded Min, without relapsing her busy features.

When the train stopped at Frankfort she founced down the aisle, calling back:

"Slong, Mac; take keer of yourself."

"Good-bye, Min; do the same."

"Don't get killed on the cars and spile your beauty," she said to him after she had reached the platform, and he had again raised the window.

"Ha, ha! That's right," laughed Mac.

As the conductor came along for tickets he gravely winked at the man in front. The brakeman went through with a red flag, and he stopped to say something about a "bute."

The train-boy, when he came for his book, grinned exceedingly, but failed to learn her name.

As the train came to a stop in the pretentious little city at the end of the run, I saw the man who had been sitting in front gather up two telescope grips and join a little woman in black, whom he kissed rapturously.

"Great Scott!" I said to the friendly brakeman, "he has one in every town."

"No," he replied, "that's his wife."—Chicago News-Record.

## Fun at the Hotels.

At the hotels and uptown cafes and swell restaurants the ranks of the boulevardiers and men about Broadway were perceptibly thinned by the fact that for several days there had been an exodus from New York, caused by a desire to be at home for the holiday season.

But there were enough good fellows left in town to make things exceedingly lively.

All the hotels had mistletoe and holly and evergreens very much in evidence, and a general air of hilarity and jollity pervaded the air.

The menus served at the Broadway hotels were rarely choice, and fairly bristled with good things and delicacies. The drifting snow outside doors seemed to serve as an appetizer to those who sat in the cafes and gazed out through plate glass.

At night the fun became fast and furious, and an ocean of practical jokes were played upon men whose only reprisals were rounds of drinks. The Sunday night concerts were jammed by people who showed plainly their approval of everything of a popular nature in the programmes presented.

A practical joke was played upon Charley Pearson of the Coleman House. The free lunch had run a bit low about dusk, and a noble turkey was brought in and placed on the table in all the glorious garniture of jellied cranberries, celery and oysters. Charley was leaning against the bar when a party of well known actors came into the cafe. With them were two rather rough and ready looking men in ulsters and silk hats.

"Have a drink!" said Charley.

"No, have one with us," said the leader of the party.

The bowls were filled, and the good liquor disappeared.

"Pretty fine turkey that!" said the same man.

"Yes," said Charley.

"It would make a meal for two men," observed the actor.

"Why, no two men could eat that turkey," said Charley.

"Bet you the wine that two of this party can clean it up!" said the actor.

Charley "aised up" the crowd. The two men in long ulsters and silk hats had not said a word, but they looked all right. "Done!" said Charley.

The actor said, "Pitch in, boys," and ordered the drinks. The men in the ulsters and hats waded into the turkey.

The white meat and trimmings disappeared in a jiffy, and another round of drinks came along. The two strangers demolished the "walkers," and the crowd began to laugh, while Charley stood staring at the two hungry men in astonishment too deep for utterance. In less than five minutes a bare and bony skeleton was all that was left of the gallant fowl.

"Well, boys," said the actor, "give me those hats and coats. Here's a cigar. You needn't wait for the wine!"

The two strangers divested themselves of the coats and hats and stood forth as two unkempt, ragged tramps. "Thank you, boss!" said the two men, as they slouched out of the cafe amid a perfect storm of laughter.

Charley bought the wine and made a vain effort to pledge the crowd to secrecy.—N. Y. Morning Journal.

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## Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Four.

fallie; Mrs. Bruce Brough was very sweet in pale pink bungalow; Miss Brown wore cream silk with green silk sash and sleeves; Miss Grace Tutill was elegantly dressed in a lustrous pink broadcloth; Mrs. Charles P. Fenney Lennox wore a dainty white satin dress with chiffon. Glionna's orchestra played very brightly as usual and a nice supper was served by Webb. The hosts of Daric Lodge spare no pains to make their guests thoroughly enjoy such reunions as that of January 19, and the occasion is looked forward to with pleasure by the fortunate ones. The stewards were: R. W. Bro. H. A. Collins, V. W. Bro. A. A. S. Ardagh, W. Bro. H. Lee, W. Bro. F. B. Byers, and Bro. Q. R. Riggs, Pirie, Sampson, Woodland, Shutt and Williams.

An unusually pleasant progressive euchre party was given by Miss Gertrude Foster of Parkdale on Wednesday evening of last week. Among those present were: Miss Stewart of Guelph, Miss Mysner of Buffalo, the Misses A. Beasley, Johnston, P. Bain, N. Tonny, Bryan, H. V. J. Cooper, and Messrs. W. Chisholm, Shaw, Ormiston, Dennis, Perse, G. Brown, Arnott H. Beasley and Dr. Needler. Miss Foster made a charming hostess, in a quaint gown of pale gray and white; Miss Stewart wore a lovely costume of white peau de soie and embroidered chiffon; Miss Mysner, in pale gray silk, and Miss Anne Beasley in a sweet Empire gown of white cashmere and gold, were most pretty and piquant. The first prizes were won by Miss Aylesworth and Mr. Riddell. The latter part of the evening was spent in dancing, making a most pleasant impromptu party.

Mrs. Herbert Mason's dance on the 19th at St. George's Hall was most enjoyable. St. George's Hall is so well known now as a lovely place for a party that it goes without saying that the dancers, the sitters out and the stately folk who were as comfortable and as happy as they could be. Maricano's orchestra was stationed in the gallery and played their prettiest music for the merry dance. Mrs. Mason, who is always most elegantly gowned, received her guests in a rich heliotrope-colored broadcloth, with draperies of fine lace. Miss Amy Mason was noticeable for her costume of plain soft white crepe, made with a modish full skirt and a trim little bodice, edged with pearls, and her hair of wide frills. Miss Alice Mason wore a pretty gown of striped silk with blue chiffon. The new-made bride, Mrs. Cesare Marani, who was the guest of the evening, looked very sweet in her lovely wedding gown of white silk bordered with myrtle and orange bloom. A much remarked guest was Miss Lucas of Philadelphia, who was one of Mrs. Marani's bridesmaids, and has won many hearts since her advent to the Queen City. Her blonde and beautiful coiffure and smiling face were well set off by a very becoming gown of pale blue, light and airy in texture and elegantly made. Miss Josie Gooderham, another of the bridal party, wore white. Mrs. Cecil Lee was charmingly gowned in yellow with brown velvet sleeves; Miss Ada Arthur was in white and gold; Mrs. Cosby looked very handsome in a rich satin broadcloth; Mrs. Cawthra was also richly dressed in a French-looking gold broadcloth with delicate flowers; Mrs. McFarlane of Gerrard street wore a rich and becoming Empire dress of delicate broadcloth and embroidery; Miss Mary Drayton was charming in pink; Miss Nellie Parsons, in pale blue; Miss Violet Burns, in red; Miss White of Cobourg was prettily dressed and looked well; the married daughters of Mr. Herbert Mason, Mrs. Vandersmissen and Mrs. Alley, were exquisitely gowned and coiffed; Miss Sullivan of Bloor street was becomingly dressed in pale silk and dark velvet; Miss Kathleen Sullivan was very pretty in white; Mrs. G. T. Denison was very beautifully dressed. The bright young debutantes who vow every dance is the very best until the next one comes, were most earnest in their tributes to Mrs. Mason as having given a perfect party. The cosy little supper tables downstairs were loaded with every dainty and tempting viand, and prettily decorated with flowers. Everyone seemed to enjoy to the utmost this very delightful event.

A very interesting event was the marriage of Mr. J. French and Miss Lena O'Keefe, which took place on Monday at St. Michael's cathedral. It goes without saying that the grand old church was thronged with the friends of the popular couple and that the bridal party was both large and elegant. Miss O'Keefe wore a lovely bridal gown of white duchesse satin embroidered with chrysanthemums, with old lace fichu, tulle veil and orange blossoms and a bouquet of white roses. Miss French, who was maid of honor, wore white silk with chiffon and ribbons, with white chapeau de soie trimmed with white lilies. Four bridesmaids, Miss H. Bailey, cousin of the bride, Miss Madeline Falconbridge, Miss Kathleen O'Connor and Miss Anglin were sweetly dressed in crepe Empire gowns; the first two of pink and the latter of mauve, with white felt hats trimmed with ostrich tips to match their dresses. The best man was Mr. Bailey O'Keefe, brother of the bride. The bridal party was completed by Messrs. Rowan Kirtland, A. McLan Macdonald, T. T. Brown of Montreal, and Arthur Anglin. Messrs. Percy Bailey, Duncan McLean, D'Arcy Scott, W. Anglin Winterbury and Murphy acted as ushers. Mrs. Eugene O'Keefe, the bride's mother, wore a gown of black duchesse satin with pattern of gold and red, and black bonnet with red tips. The ceremony was performed by his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, assisted by Vicar-General McCann, Rev. Dan Cassidy, Rev. Dan Harris of St. Catharines, Rev. Fathers Teufel, Hand, S. J. Ryan, Walsh, Rondelet, McBride, Kenny of Guelph and Brennan. After the marriage the guests repaired to Mr. O'Keefe's residence at Gould and Bond streets, where the wedding breakfast was served and the happy couple received the warm congratulations of many friends. Mr. and Mrs. French went to New York and points east on their wedding trip, and will take up house on their return at 104 St. Vincent street.

The London Hunt Club ball was a very swell affair. Toronto sent several society lights to increase its brilliancy. Our own Mrs. Kirk-

patrick was radiant in white and gold broadcloth; she wore a magnificent tiara of diamonds and carried a shower bouquet of roses presented by the Hunt Club; Mrs. E. B. Smith, white and silver broadcloth with gauze sleeves and bouquet of sunset roses; Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald of Toronto wore white corded silk with Empire sash and large pink sleeves; Mrs. G. C. Gibbons, rich white silk with gold trimmings; Mrs. McDonough, black velvet and point lace; Mrs. Freer, cream broadcloth, bouquet of pink roses; Mrs. M. G. Lewis, black net with jet corselet, violet wreath; Miss Turner of Hamilton, cream corded silk; Miss M. Hatton of Hamilton, cream, bengaline, view rose, velvet sleeves; Miss J. Hobson of Hamilton, pink silk, with amber velvet sleeves; Mrs. Harry Cutting, white silk, with shell passementerie; Mrs. D. Thomas, pale green satin, with amber velvet sleeves; Mrs. Gates, cream corded silk, with sable trimming; Mrs. T. Beattie, black velvet, with honiton lace; Miss McBeth, cream sarah silk and gauze, love violets; Mrs. Lucas of Hamilton, heliotrope broadcloth, with Brussels lace; Miss Lucas of Hamilton, cream broadcloth, with chiffon trimmings; Miss Hendrie of Hamilton, pink silk, with striped gauze trimmings.

The Ontario Society of Artists give a reunion on Tuesday evening, at which Mr. T. Mower Martin will lecture on Canada from an Artist's Point of View.

Mrs. Cross gave a tea on Friday of last week at her home on Avenue road, which was numerously attended. Among the numbers of ladies who gathered in the pretty parlors I remarked: Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. S. G. Beatty, Mrs. W. Francis, Mrs. R. S. Neville, Mrs. Denison.

N. Awry, M.P.P., of Barton, was in the city the latter part of last week.

Mrs. Conger of Chicago, a very sweet and winning visitor, and cousin of Mrs. Alexander Cameron, left Toronto this week.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark gives a large dinner party next Thursday evening.

The Misses Buchan give a tea this afternoon. Miss Harris of Beverley street gave a tea last Thursday afternoon.

A very pretty entertainment is on train under the able direction of Mr. Webster, namely, a flower cantata which will be presented to the public some time during Lent. I am told a very large class of children has been formed to sing this charming cantata, which will be most worthy of admiration. The class meets every Saturday morning at eleven o'clock in the College of Music, and there are still some vacancies for little ones in the ranks of the flower choruses, from nine years old and up.

Mrs. W. S. Lee gives a tea this afternoon.

Invitations are out for a progressive euchre party to be given by the Misses Mortimer Clark on February 3.

Another progressive euchre party will be that given by Mrs. J. D. Gibb Wishart next Tuesday evening. Mr. Herbert Mason gave an elegant luncheon to a number of gentlemen last Thursday. Covers were laid for sixteen.

The many friends of Mrs. H. Webster, whose delightful mandolin playing pleased and charmed them in the earlier part of the season, will regret to hear that she is still confined to the house by illness. I hope soon to have better news of this popular new-comer, whom we can ill afford to miss in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Matthews threw open their handsome residence on St. George street to a very large circle of friends on Saturday, January 21. The house was charmingly decorated with violets and other flowers. This was one of the loveliest and most successful At Homes of the season. Mrs. Matthews was elegantly gowned in black lace over green silk. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, and Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Kay, Mr. and Mrs. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Gooderham, the Misses Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gooderham, Mr. Warring and Miss Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Lee, the Misses Lee, Dr. and Mrs. Young, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. William Davidson, Mrs. E. Cox, Dr. and Mrs. Potts, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. Patton, Capt. McGee, the Misses Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth, Mr. and Mrs. Bethune, the Misses Bethune, Mrs. and Miss Godson, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Dwight, Mrs. MacKinnon, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. J. J. Dixon, Mrs. J. King, Miss Davies, Mr. Wyatt, Mr. Angus MacMureby, Dr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Miss Carrie Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Powell, Mr. and Miss Love, Mr. and Mrs. Millicamp, Miss Olive Millicamp, Mr. and Mrs. Catto, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jaffray, Mr. and Mrs. Thurston, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Dr. A. A. Mrs. and Miss Smith, Mrs. and Miss Gurney, Mr. and Mrs. Ince and others.

Miss Edith Wilkinson of Grange avenue has returned from Hamilton and Miss Minnie Wilkinson of Grange avenue has returned from Grimsby.

Mrs. and Miss Law of 504 Sherbourne street arrived out by the Aurania on Monday, Jan. 23.

Miss Beattie Bewetherick is the guest of Mrs. P. M. Robin at Ottawa.

I see by several English papers that the young Canadian actress, Miss Mary Keegan of Hamilton, is meeting with considerable success and praise in England. She recently took the place of a leading actress at the very short notice and scored a great hit. The newspaper critics are unanimous in predicting for her a future of success.

The regular meeting of the Toronto Literary and Musical Club was held in their hall at the corner of Spadina avenue and College street, on Saturday evening last. Owing to the resignation of President McIntyre, who has been removed from the city, Dr. A. W. Maybury of

Spadina avenue was unanimously chosen to fill that honorable position. Several new members were elected, after which the literary and musical part of the programme was opened by an original story by Dr. Murray McFarlane, entitled The Fatal Patient, which was of a novel nature and showed great dramatic and literary ability. Among those who contributed to the musical part of the programme were Mrs. H. Parkes, Mrs. W. J. Clark, Mrs. Lindsay and Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Miss and Miss Minnie Grover left on Tuesday for a three months' visit to Montreal, where Mr. Grover is now doing business.

On Wednesday, January 13, at St. Peter's church, Goderich, by Rev. Dr. West, Mr. H. Wrighton of Chicago, Ill., was married to Miss Cecilia Josephine (Teena) Kidd of Sioux City, Iowa, the ninth daughter of the late Joseph Kidd of Dublin, Ont. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Joseph Kidd, was attired in a traveling costume of terra cotta and drab mullie, with mink trimming and hat to match, and wore diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom. She carried a handsome bouquet of la France roses. The bridesmaid was Miss Tessie Kidd of Sioux City, Iowa, sister of the bride. Her costume consisted of an Empire gown of lawn and red changeable silk, with red velvet trimming and large hat of red and pink roses. She wore a diamond ring, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The groomsmen were Mr. O. Heir of Chicago, Ill. A family reception was held at the residence of her brother, and later in the afternoon the happy couple left for New York en route for an extended southern tour. The presents were valuable and varied.

The Independent Order of Oddfellows were very much en fete the latter half of last week. The dance and reception given on Friday evening was a perfect jam, over a thousand being present. The lodge-room was prettily hung with the banners of the various lodges, and the jolliest of companies imaginable danced to Glionna's music. Supper was served in another room of the spacious building, which was thronged with guests until after midnight, when the crowd thinned out enough to ensure comfort. The cordial and bounteous hospitality was much appreciated by all present, and the affair was voted a most immense success.

The Comus Club had a very enjoyable meeting on Friday, January 20, in their cosy rooms in the Yonge street Arcade. Progressive euchre, followed by a light supper and a dance, passed the time all too quickly for those concerned. This club is one of those happy social organizations which fulfils the true mission of its existence, in bringing pleasant people together in an informal and enjoyable assembly, where friendships ripen and an evening's social intercourse chases care and wrinkles far away.

A good many pretty brows are somewhat careworn this week, studying the question of costumes for Mrs. Cawthra's fancy dress ball on Monday week. The men are comparatively free from anxiety, for the kind hostess has given them a very wide margin in the matter of dress. A fancy dress ball tests the esprit and resource of the invitees as no other entertainment does, but I am sure that Toronto belles and stately matrons have plenty of both, and that they will resolve to do themselves great credit on this occasion. We have so many sweet girl dancers, and graceful young wives, and handsome matrons that a fancy dress ball should be a beautiful scene.

A mixture of mirth and pathos was our bill of fare at the Grand this week. Sol Smith Russell kept us on the verge of tears and on the brink of hilarity by his impersonation of Hosea Howe. A matinee audience is proverbially a cold one, but such was not that of Wednesday afternoon. I happened to sit near some railway men and in the vicinity of a very small boy, and between them it was quite lively. "They will pull up the blind when the band gets done playing, and the monkeys will come out and dance," announced the small boy, looking through the wrong end of the opera glasses. Various remarks on the size of the neighboring hats from the knights of the rail, whose voices were of singular carrying power, broke into some touching scenes delightfully. But nothing could take the charm from Hosea's unique character, and so, apparently, the audience agreed. In the boxes were Mrs. and Miss Pope, Mrs. Ed. Cox, Mrs. Fred Cox and other fashionable beauties. Some of the maligned hats were very becoming to their fair wearers. A pretty old rose felt with tri-pleumes and dark velvet, worn by a picturesque brunette, was very stylish, if somewhat in the way; a very pretty black bonnet with white lace among its velvet bows was noticeable. It quite shut off one touching scene. A lovely gray hat with seven plumes evoked some profanity and much admiration from those in its wake. I much admired a red felt with black velvet bows and feathers, which was on a pretty head on the other side of the aisle. Some did not agree with me, but they were also on the other side. However, there is no law to compel ladies to take influenza by sitting bare-headed, nor can they be expected to care less for their appearance than the comfort of their neighbors. They will continue to wear big hats just as long as they are a la mode, and it is certainly some consolation that in Toronto one has pretty faces under the big hats to look at when one is shut off from seeing the stage. Suppose the ladies were to consent to go hatless if the men would sit still between the acts?

Mr. Arthur Grantham has been at home for a visit this week. Mrs. Grantham had a young people's dance on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Thomas Davies gave a large At Home yesterday evening.

A charming tea was given by the Misses Seymour of Admiral road on the afternoon of the 19th. Mrs. Seymour received in gros grain silk en train, with steel passementerie. Miss Seymour wore buttercup crepe, trimmed with golden brown velvet and gold passementerie. Miss Sybil was in pearl-gray crepe, trimmed

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with cream guipure lace. Among those present were: Mrs. Melfort Boulton, the Misses D'Arcy Boulton, Miss Bickford, Mrs. Barwick, the Misses Montzambert, the Misses Todd, Miss Thorburn, the Misses Beatty, Miss Price, Miss Cochrane of Hillhurst, Mr. and Mrs. Critchley of Calgary, Mr. and Mrs. H. Clarke, the Misses Homer Dixon, the Misses Osler, Mrs. Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Miss Beardmore, the Misses Fuller, Mrs. Olive Williams of New York, Miss Rains of Montreal, and Messrs. D. Saunders, W. Morris, Montzambert, W. Homer Dixon, Goldingham, C. C. Smith, John Robinson, Nuns, G. Vankoughnet, E. R. Vankoughnet, Nordheimer, B. Baldwin, C. Bogart, C. Walker, George Stinson, Strathy, J. Edgar, E. Bickford, Bertie Cawthra and many others. The table was beautifully decorated with *eau de Nile* silk, smilax, maiden hair and hyacinths and lighted by numbers of wax candles.

Mrs. T. Eaton's At Home last Saturday was a very elegant affair. The handsome house on Spadina road was crowded with guests, who admired the beautiful floral decorations, among which was a lovely bed of tulips, worth taking a long journey to see. Delicious refreshments were served by Webb in *recherche* style.

Mrs. Irving Cameron gave a very pleasant tea on Friday of last week.

One of the most delightful children's parties of the season was given last Saturday afternoon by little Olive Walker in honor of her cousin, Miss Bertie Dougall, daughter of A. R. Dougall, Q. C., of Belleville. The tables were beautifully decorated in pink and white. After supper games and dancing were thoroughly enjoyed by the little ones. In the donkey game first prizes were won by Miss Muriel Maddison and Master Stewart Jackson, and Miss Marjory Morrison got the booby prize. Among those present were: Misses Hazel Hedley, Lila Greene, Helen McClain, Lena Fulton, Mary Ferguson, Gladys Edwards, Zedie Drayton, Lillian Orr, Beatrice and Edith Webster, Ellen Kentland, Elsie Thorne, Marjory Morris, Agnes Millman, Mildred Warwick, Gertrude and Marion Hay, Muriel Millicamp, Eileen Hudson, Mabel Smith, Evelyn Somerville, Muriel and Gracie Maddison, Masters Reggie Oxley, Kene Smith, Percy Browne, Carlyle Baldwin, Herbert Palmer, Norway and Stewart Jackson, Dick Harcourt, Jack Somerville, Allan Galbraith, Harry McFarlane, Arthur Martence, George and Jack Moleworth, Charlie Foster, Bert Thompson, and others. A basket filled with packages tied with baby ribbon was placed in the hall, the children taking their choice of a parcel; this caused no end of amusement and delighted the little ones immensely.

The opening of the new Oddfellows' Temple, at the corner of Yonge and College streets, was celebrated by Queen City Lodge No. 55, I. O. O. F., giving a complimentary At Home in their spacious parlors on Monday evening last. Deputy Grand Master Oliver was chairman and gave a resume of the work accomplished by the order. The programme was much appreciated by the large number present. Mrs. Frank Wright contributed two numbers, her first selection, O Promise Me (with violin and flute obligato) being especially well received. The Handel Male Quartette (Messrs. Putland, Boaz, Oliver and Stephens) scored a signal success in their rendering of The Grave of a Singer and Mass's in the Cold Ground, receiving a recall on each occasion. Dr. D. A. Dobie and Mr. P. F. Coutts gave the quarrel scene from Julius Caesar with much dramatic expression, and their efforts were heartily applauded, as was also Mr. Frank Wright, the comique, in his mirth-provoking songs, making himself a prime favorite with the audience in his four numbers. At the conclusion of the programme dancing was commenced to the enlivening strains of Glionna's orchestra and kept up to the wee sma' hours. The dresses worn by many of the ladies were rich and handsome. The stewards in charge were Mr. Edwin Seels, Mr. James Munro, Dr. C. E. Stacey, Mr. P. F. Coutts, Dr. D. A. Dobie and Mr. A. Macombe, and they deserve great credit

Continued on Page Sixteen.



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## For the Ball Room . . .

For this and all other state occasions occurring in the evening a full dress suit is indispensable. To the casual observer there are few perceptible variations in the conventional evening dress of the period, but to the man of taste and style the gradations of change from year to year are plainly discernible. For the past two or three seasons, it may be noted, a radical change has been made in the style and material used in the making up of dress suits.

Broadcloth and doe skin have absolutely disappeared, and the rich, hard woven diagonals have given place to the rough finished Cheviot and Venetian finished worsteds that have been the universal rage in London and New York.

The present mode of the make up requires that the lapels of the coat should be faced with heavy black gros grain silk, but tailors who consider fine points of fit line the body of the coat with satin de chimes, as the satin fits closer and firmer and the coat slips on easier.

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## Varsity Chat.

**T**O define a "plug" may to some appear an easy task. I am assured by those who roll about and have a fine time building up their constitutions by downtown experiences that theirs is the only life that leads to true development. They say that all others are plugs and that when they graduate the plugs will be left behind as laggards in the race. This is a delightful illusion, but I doubt its truth. It is easier to get experience than to get knowledge and wisdom. Once a man goes out into the world, as leaving the University is termed, he has experience piled up before him in larger quantities than he desires. The plug trained to sober thought and action can view these mountains with the "philosophic calm" of which Sir John Macdonald once spoke in Halifax. But to him who is dubbed a plug this specimen of the genus student does not take anything to do with sport, the literary, or anything save his books. He reads and grinds from the beginning to the close of the term. He makes the books his own and in the end carries about with him a large stock of literary knowledge. A neat reference to some classical topic pleases his inmost soul, but a good kick on the football field passes into oblivion with notice from him. He cares not for "Kek's great play" or "clever tackle." Such expressions pass from off his soul unheeded. When the sun is swiftly melting the snow under the inviting conditions of spring, the plug is admired. He is mentioned with favor because he has his work all prepared and has not to grind nineteen hours a day and live on corn starch and milk. The plug has laid up his treasure and does not need to make a record by great efforts when the exam. is at hand. Any who wish to know to a nicety the difference between a bum and a plug should develop the determining faculty by experience. I cannot here give them more enlightenment.

Rev. J. R. Teefy, B.A., once the president of our Literary and now a senator, among other duties edits a paper. In last week's issue of his journal it was announced that "the cold weather of the past week was rendered warmer." Weather that can be so handled will soon find its way into mince pie and hash.

Miss Madge Robertson, our first M.A., is now on the staff of *Frank Leslie's Weekly*. An illustrated sketch of her career was given in a recent number of the *Weekly*. Miss Robertson has considerable ability as a student and writer.

Though the number of female undergraduates is large and there are many seminaries conducted, it must not be considered that ours is merely a girls' school. These seminaries are classes conducted on a plan which leads the lecturers and students to take an interest in the work under review or consideration. I know that members of the faculty have objected to the use of the word seminary. They held that there was weakness enough at 'Varsity and it was folly to use such terms as would convey to the public the opinion entertained by the faculty and a few of the students. 'Varsity, however, is not a ladies' school.

From time immemorial citizens of Toronto, especially the Presbyterians among them, have been entertaining the students of Knox College in many ways. Many of the best in the city have entertained the Knoxites at their homes, and all the boys were able to do in recognition was to invite their friends to a public debate or occasionally assume the responsibility of housekeeping, and after they had received a call, with the daughters of their city hostesses as their wives. All the boys could not be so unfortunate that they could not by actions show their appreciation of the kindness and hospitality shown them. The present inhabitants of the brick pile which mars the stretch of view on Spadina avenue have decided to entertain their friends next Tuesday evening at At Home. They will thus give public testimony that they, as they have always done, appreciate the good will of those who in season and out of season have always stood true to Knox and her sons. May they have a successful gathering.

Mr. T. J. Parr, B.A., president of the Jackson Society, Victoria University, is one of our own graduates. He is a theolog. now. He once belonged to "K" company, Q. O. R., but was always, while in uniform, in ambush. Manufacturers of uniforms seem to forget that there are small as well as large soldiers.

Mr. G. M. Wrong, with his estimable wife, entertained a number of University students one evening this week at Homewood, Jarvis street. A very enjoyable and profitable evening was spent.

At the faculty meeting held on Saturday last a committee was appointed to arrange for a short course of Saturday afternoon lectures.

Prof. Mavor will deliver his inaugural lecture on Saturday next. The public are expected to attend in large numbers.

At the Political Science Seminary on Monday, Messrs. Greenwood and Anderson read papers upon the Powers and Functions of the Governor-General in Council. Much discussion was provoked. Great interest in the study of Canadian constitutional questions is being inspired in the second year class by Mr. J. M. McEvoy.

Knox men have a number of sudden marriages to record against those who left the corridors last spring. American widows have a peculiar fascination. Adam Smith in his *Wealth of Nations*, written long ago, pointed this out. Perhaps if Knox taught political economy her sons would not be so prompt in marrying after being allowed to go.

The Literary and Scientific Society has been granted the privilege of holding an afternoon At Home in University College, and the idea will probably be carried out on a grand scale early in February.

Mr. R. K. Barker, B.A., '92, now a law student at Osgoode Hall, shows by his descriptive and entertaining writings on phases of 'Var-

sity activity that he has a thorough appreciation of student life and can express his ideas with ease and clearness.

Our new library building is situated on the level plateau between the ravine and the road which runs southward from the University main building along the east side of the lawn, between it and the School of Practical Science. The style of architecture is Norman and harmonizes with that of University College. The building comprises the following points of architectural beauty: 1. A fireproof book-room, capable of accommodating 120,000 volumes in book-stacks so as to afford the greatest facilities for classification, the greatest accessibility for service, the utmost compactness of storage, and an equal distribution of light and heat in all its parts. 2. Ample space for the administration of the library, with the departments for bibliography, cataloguing, and delivery so placed as (a) to afford the officials the most convenient access to the book-room and to the unpacking-room; (b) to facilitate the delivery of books to the students and the return of books to their shelves; and (c) to control and overlook the entire area of the reading room. 3. Two separate systems of cloak-rooms, the one for male and the other for female students, and all having access to the advantages of the library. 4. A reading-room, well lighted and ventilated in all its parts. 5. Lecture-room and special students' rooms (seminaries), well lighted and ventilated. 6. A system of construction absolutely fireproof for the book-room, and approximately so for the rest of the building. With such accommodation good work ought to result.

ADAM RUFUS.

## Trinity Talk.

**T**HE all-absorbing topic now is hockey. In this last week, of the two games played by the first team one has been lost and one won. The victory of Saturday over the Victorias ended the week in a happy way. The accounts of the games played by both teams have already been given in the daily paper, so that it is needless to dwell upon them here. The teams are hard at work—and well, we'd rather talk about it later on.

The date of the conversat. having been fixed for February 7, the conveners of the various committees are making every preparation. To avoid the crush of former years the number of cards will be limited. No effort will be spared to make the conversat. of 1893 a success, and—but more of this anon.

As was stated last week, the Dramatic Club will present, under the direction of Mr. Harry Rich, Our Boys, in St. Andrew's Hall on February 2. Tickets may be obtained from any member of the club, and the plan of the house will be open at Nordheimer's on and after January 31. The Banjo Club will be under the direction of Mr. Richards and will make their first appearance on that evening.

The Literary Society held their regular meeting on Friday, January 20, at half-past seven, Mr. Healey, B.A., in the chair. After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, and after all business had been transacted, the usual programme was carried out. Mr. Fletcher's '94 essay showed careful preparation. The readings were good and new. Messrs. Fessenden ('93) and Lawrence ('95) did battle with Messrs. Locke ('93) and Davidson ('95) in the oratorical arena, the question under discussion being that of Tariff Reform. The pros and cons were weighed carefully at the close, and the negative, Messrs. Locke and Davidson, were declared the winners. The meeting then adjourned.

On Friday evening next comes the first of the inter-year debates, when '94 will meet '95, and the debate promises to be a good one. Inter-faculty debates might follow this; for instance, the winners of the arts debate might meet the med., theologia, or law men, as they do at McGill. If there is one thing that will develop college spirit it is a strong "class feeling," a strong spirit of rivalry in campus or in lecture-room. The man who is proud of his year and will fight for it will be more than proud of his alma mater and will more than fight for her. Hitherto all the inter-year contests have been in athletics, so that this is a new departure, and the idea seems to be a happy one.

The ancient custom of having the "Episcopon" supper will be observed on February 14. This is always a most interesting event and will be awaited with considerable impatience.

A special meeting of the Athletic Association will be called during the week to consider the resignation of the president, Mr. Martin, '92. Mr. Martin is now in Italy and intends remaining during the winter. His services to athletics at Trinity have been invaluable, and much regret is felt at his resignation.

At a meeting of the committee on athletics recently Mr. Chadwick, '93, was elected captain of the second hockey team and Mr. Robertson, '94, secretary.

## Art and Artists.

**A**H. H. HEMING of Hamilton has a studio which might well arouse the envy of any artist. It is situated on the brow of the mountain overlooking the city, and sitting at the north window on a bright afternoon one can see Toronto in the far distance. Of a dark and cloudy night one can see the separate electric lights of this city and on specially favorable occasions flashes from the Whiteby lighthouse may be caught. Mr. Heming illustrates the writings of Miss E. Pauline Johnson, and he has informed me that when the new moon has attained a certain fullness he will go over to Grand River with his sketch book to attend "the burning of the white dog," a ceremony among the Iroquois. Mr. Heming will shortly leave for a trip of several weeks among the Indians and lumbermen near the head of the Ottawa river, making sketches for a New York paper. He is at present engaged on a series of illustrations for an article by Miss

Johnson on The Iroquois of the Grand River which will appear in an early issue of *Harper's Weekly*.

From Paris comes news of the successful debut in the art world of a young lady well known in Toronto society, Miss Mabel Cawthra, who recently left the class conducted by Miss Tully and Mr. Wyly Grier. Miss Cawthra has delighted her friends by coming out second in an open competition *concours d'esquisses*, at Julian's Atelier—quite a notable achievement.

The day classes at the Central Ontario Art School have been changed to the morning, with the exception of the design class, which is still held in the afternoon. The light is more favorable for the antique and painting classes in the morning and better work is done. In connection with antique classes a draped model sits every Friday morning and on two evenings in the week for the use of advanced students.

The fortnightly meeting of the Versatile Club was held at Mr. Mower Martin's residence in Rosedale. Some clever verses by Mr. A. H. Howard, illustrated with pen and ink drawings and eulogizing the late Poet Laureate, were voted the award of honor for the evening. A sonnet club is to be added to the present organization, and it is expected that the best poems and sketches will be published at the close of the season.

The Ontario Society of Artists will continue the winter series of lectures on the evening of Tuesday, January 31, when Mr. T. Mower Martin, R. C. A., will discourse on Canada from an Artist's Point of View. As the lecturer has traveled and sketched during his thirty years' residence here, all the way from Cape Breton on the Atlantic coast to Vancouver on the Pacific, he should know something of Canada's availability for artistic treatment. Music and singing will help to diversify the programme of the evening's entertainment.

VAN.

## The Student.

There does not exist a more inexplicable, antithetical, contradictory creature than the college student. To-night he sits before a shaded lamp, his head enlured with a damp towel, his coat off, "grinding" at philosophy; to-morrow night he sings Old Grimes in a husky voice, complacently lying under the table among his companions. One day he dines at the Rossin with a chum from McGill, perhaps, and consequently for the next week he satisfies the inner man with soda biscuits and city water. There is an air of shabbiness about him that is easily recognizable; he smokes a twenty-five cent cigar every other day but wears a white (B) collar two weeks. He may have just heard from home and is spending with the liberality and heedlessness of a miniature Vanderbilt; next week he will be borrowing fourteen cents to pay for his laundry; or he sends a bunch of roses to somebody somewhere, and auctions off his shoes to get them. With up-poled heels and a long, cherry pipe-stem in his mouth, he writes home saying, "If I were not oppressed with work I would have written before, but please send the funds," etc., etc. Sunday morning he sleepeth late, but polishes his shoes, reverses his cuffs, buttons out the reverse side of his double-breasted coat and brushes it with his shoe brush, after which he appears at church adorned in that virtue adjacent to godliness. He is sometimes small, but when asked out to dinner on Sunday it would be folly to calculate his capacity by his size. He can discuss psychology and give an ethical dissertation while drinking bottled ale. The study of ethics does not hamper his ability to swear. He is seen—and heard—at all the good operas and all the decidedly bad ones. He goes in the "gods," not because it is cheaper, but because the surroundings are not so conventional as in the parquette, and he likes to be frank in his criticism. He hustles unoffending freshmen, but his heart is kind, and he is as much at home in his chum's dress suit as his chum is in his best hat. On the whole, he is not a bad sort of youth, but his virtues are hidden behind clouds of tobacco smoke and a pile of brain-scouring books, though when he does come out we do not look at the blue and white or the red and black in his hat to ascertain he is one of those interesting but misjudged beings, a student. A. J. S.

## The Jones Family.

"Maria," said Mr. Jones, as his wife came in with her street suit on, "I wonder at you wearing a train to your dress. Seems to me you need to have more sense."

"It isn't my fault, Jephtha," said Mrs. Jones in a discouraged way. "Goodness knows I don't want to go about dragging the hem of my best gown in the mud. It's the dressmaker's fault. She would have it so."

"H'm! I'd like to see that dressmaker. I'd

## A Glowing Example.



Professor (examining class in physics)—The pressure of bodies at rest is called force. Give an example, Jones.

Jones (an observant scholar)—The police force.—Puck.

give her a piece of my mind. What right has she to dictate what you should or should not wear?"

"Oh, she said it would ruin her business to make a short dress when trains were worn. She wanted it ever so much longer, but I insisted on a moderate length. You don't know anything about the trial a woman has to get a dress made in the way she wants it done," said Mrs. Jones breathlessly.

"That's where you're weak, I'd smile to see a man giving up that way to his tailor," said Mr. Jones. "I just would. I've ordered a coat to suit me. Keep your eyes peeled, Maria, and see if my tailor puts in any frills or furbelows I didn't order. I think I see him."

It was Sunday morning when Mr. Jones received his new coat, much to his chagrin, as he had spent all Saturday evening lying in wait for it at the front door. He got into it in a hurry, for he wanted to wear it to church.

"How does it fit?" he said anxiously, as he struggled into it.

"Well, I should say, 'though lost to sight, to memory dear.' Why, that collar is above your ears, and the cuffs are over your hands. Jephtha, that coat was never made for you."

"Wasn't it?" snarled Mr. Jones; "perhaps you'd like to wear it yourself, Mrs. Jones? What's the matter with this coat?" asked Jones defiantly, as he seized his tall hat and placed it on his head. But that coat collar rose up and floored the hat, and Mr. Jones said a word that had several consonants in it, and Mrs. Jones laughed till she cried.

"Nice conduct for Sunday morning," sneered Jones, rolling his coat collar down and his sleeves up in a pugilistic way; "if you think this coat is a misfit, you're mistaken, that's all."

"I suppose it's the fashion to have coat sleeves trail," remarked Mrs. Jones, as she stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth to keep from laughing.

"Oh, you think you're smart," said Jones, in a rage. Then he took the coat off and kicked it into the closet. The next morning he interviewed his tailor, and the costs in the assault and battery case which followed would have kept Maria in pin money for a year. But Mr. Jones says no tailor can monkey with his clothes and live to brag of it.—*Detroit Free Press*.

## Used Him Up.

Passenger—What's the matter, conductor? Why doesn't the train start?

Conductor—I am afraid we may have to wait here for several hours yet. We've got to telegraph back for another engineer.

Passenger—Why, what's the matter with the engineer we had?

Conductor—The train boy gave him a cigar at the last station.

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had seen the soldier doorways, and lower into the of his Struck the man opening the right the inva This, journey Had he anticipated his wife But th to rob hi into debu now no him, nell strength been cer ling in hi as thou into its His bl precipita the step closed the dropped no sound house he thief. At the moment gently w slowly. The roc illuminat background and clute set hard the wom She kept lar tw chm ltrm wild and features s from her blanched, stepped in "I have quietly, the man. The wo land lifted sea, and "Yes, I cott is st were away see if you "I saved Derracott, His hands, The wom indrawn to ward his "Why, have given coat on a der. He turned "Yes, whether y boudoir." She laus "Teddy, up in a sp He pulled turned ag his compa preoccupied the other speech. "You're with elab journey!" Derracott ing. "No," h painful del somewhat day." "Poor T and put ou For the glances up rested mon and furtive gaze dwelt into open forward, p before a s touched the mustache; Jove!" he late. Mrs. Well, old c "you're too so I'll be of Derracott breathed w "Not yet before you bed. Come The won chair, rega terror had husband ha difficulty a hung unutt was contain trembling l She move outstretche lett the roo the edge o doubt, but veiled eyes EVEL. "We will He filled the table. but he drain



## Her Honor and His.

**T**O Derracott, sunk in his extreme dejection, time had passed like a bird on the wing, and he was already within eye-shot of his house. But now the passage of those footsteps in his wake roused in him a certain vague wonder. He realized that they had seemed to pursue him for some time down the solitary streets; and a little beyond his doorway he halted in the darkness, and turning, awaited curiously the approach of his follower. From his post he saw a figure in evening dress pierce the darkness, move sharply into the lamplight, and run lightly up the steps of his own portico.

Struck with an amazed alarm, he watched the man insert a pass-key in the lock and, opening the door, vanish without a sound into the region beyond. The door clicked behind the invader, and Derracott was left staring. This, then, was to be his welcome from a journey so dismal, and in a mood so desperate. Had he come upon the morrow, as he had anticipated, this house had been smiling for him, his wife bright with a false radiance.

But the miscalculation of one day had sufficed to rob him of this decent refuge; and plunged into debt, embittered with failure, there was now no longer, as it seemed, love to forgive him, neither faith nor courage to inspire and strengthen. And yet of her at least he had been certain, though his world else was rumbling in his ears. His gaze besieged the house as though to tear the walls asunder and peer into its shameful secrets.

His blood ran now at a charge. Walking precipitately across the road, he marched up the steps with a thumping heart. As he closed the door, the dark silence of the hall dropped like a cloak upon him. His feet made no sound upon the heavy carpet; in his own house he stole with the air and cunning of a thief.

At the top of the first flight, he stopped a moment before his wife's drawing-room, rapped gently with his knuckles, and opened the door slowly.

The room glowed in a soft, red light, which illuminated, also, two stricken faces in the background. The man had risen to his feet and clutched the back of a high chair, his eyes set hard upon the incomer. But it was upon the woman that Derracott's glance fell first. She kept her seat, crouched in the hollow of a large arm-chair, her face rigid to the lips, her chin twisting to her short breaths, her eyes wild and staring. Mortal terror never sat upon features so spectral; meaningless noises issued from her mouth. Derracott, his cheeks blanched, his muscles strung as upon wires, stepped into the room, and upon this company.

"I have surprised you, my dear," he said quietly. "Ah, Harland!" and he nodded to the man.

The woman gave him no answer; but Harland lifted his hand from the chair, sank into a seat, and laughed with uneasy harshness.

"Yes," he returned, "I'm afraid Mrs. Derracott is startled. She—I'd no notion you were away, and looked in a few minutes ago to see if you'd give me a game."

"I saved a day, and so I'm here," explained Derracott. He stood before the fire and warmed his hands, his white face stooped to the blaze. The woman recovered herself with a short, indrawn gasp, rose, and moved uncertainly toward him.

"Why, Teddy," said she tremulously, "you have given me a—start. But you've got your coat on," and she laid a hand upon his shoulder.

He turned about, but his eye avoided her. "Yes," said he, "I was going to ask you whether you would allow me to disrobe in your boudoir."

She laughed hysterically. "Teddy, of course!" she cried, and fetched up in a spasm of silence.

He pulled off his overcoat deliberately and turned again to the fire without a glance at his companions. He had to them the look of preoccupation. The silence struck a fear into the others, and presently drove Harland to speech.

"You're not very lively, old fellow," he said, with elaborate cheerfulness. "Had a bad journey?"

Derracott turned at last; his brain was moving. "No," he replied, after a pause, and with painful deliberation, "pretty fair, but I am somewhat tired. I had a long day yesterday."

"Poor Teddy!" said his wife caressingly, and put out a frightened hand to him.

For the first time since that exchange of glances upon his entrance, Derracott's eyes rested momentarily upon her face. An obscure and furtive terror lingered there, and, as his gaze dwelt steadily upon her, flashed swiftly into open panic. Her head drooped slightly forward, poised over against him as a bird before a serpent; his glance passed on and touched the man. Harland was fingering his mustache; he pulled out his watch. "By Jove!" he exclaimed; "I'd no notion it was so late. Mrs. Derracott, you must forgive me. Well, old chap," and he made as though to rise, "you're too tired, I suppose, to have a game, so I'll be off; I won't keep you up."

Derracott's muscles softened; his body breathed with warm life again.

"Not yet," he said; "I'll give you a game before you go. Only my wife had better go to bed. Come, Lucy; it's beyond your hour."

The woman, straightening herself in her chair, regarded them both with frantic eyes; terror had sat upon her visage since last her husband had looked upon her. She rose with difficulty and opened her mouth. Some cry hung unuttered on that tongue; some prayer was contained inarticulate behind those scarlet, trembling lips.

She moved mechanically to Harland, with an outstretched hand, stopped, sighed deeply and left the room without a word. Harland, from the edge of his seat, watched his host with doubt, but the gray face of the latter and his veiled eyes spoke of nothing but great weariness.

"We will drink first," he said.

He filled two glasses from the decanter upon the table. Harland's hand shook at his lips, but he drained the glass and laughed.

"Now for this game, my boy," he said cheerfully.

Derracott, whose fingers were playing with his brimming wine-glass, made no response, and Harland examined him anxiously.

"You're very much depressed, old chap," he said, after a space of silence; then he hesitated and his eyes suddenly lightened. "It's not money?"

"I don't mind your knowing," said Derracott; "I owe you close on five thousand, and there's some twenty thousand elsewhere."

"Derracott," said Harland, leaning toward his companion with insinuation, "cross out that five, and I'll stand in for the twenty."

The ashes of the fire collapsed in the silence that ensued; Derracott's face never moved; he turned the shank of the glass between his fingers.

"That's a generous offer, he said. "Generous be damned," returned Harland gayly. "It's nothing to me, and we're old pals and—"

"Twenty-five thousand, as the market goes, is, I suppose, a generous price for honor," broke in Derracott, with an air of meditation.

The vestiges of color ran from Harland's cheeks; their eyes encountered across the table; no words passed, but in that mute question and its vacant answer, as it were, the position of the combatants was acknowledged and defined. With a thin breath, almost of relief, Harland waited for the other, whose eyes were still upon him. Derracott squared his elbows on the table.

"Yes," said he; "and now for this game." Beneath the calm surface of his manner, Derracott was at the white heat of fury. Pent by his fierce jealousy, his mind converging full upon this sudden horror, he sat, with quiet eyes and face of stone, stalking ever nearer to his fluttered quarry.

"I think," he resumed presently, "that I ought to make my own rules in this game." His voice rang with a note of unconcern, even of pleasantry.

Harland shrugged his shoulders. "I have nothing to say," said he.

Derracott rose softly, took some note-paper from a writing-table, and scribbled some seconds upon it. Then he handed the paper across the table. What Harland read was as follows:

"I, Edward Derracott, being in the full possession of my senses, have decided to put an end to my life. It has become too much to bear. My debts have involved me too deeply and I am tired of the struggle. I have no strength to go on. May God help my wife. Forgive me, Lucy. I have tried, but there seems no way out but this. Let others take warning by my fate. The turf is accursed. God help me."

Harland enquired of the writer with his eyes, and the latter pointed to the pen and ink.

"Write one like it," he said, "but with your name and according to your circumstances."

Harland's jaw dropped suddenly; he took up the pen. When he had finished, he passed the paper to Derracott, who nodded and rose.

"Put it in your pocket," he said. "At this hour the park will serve our purpose."

He drew a brace of pistols from a drawer, and, motioning to his companion, descended the stairs. The chill December moon shone frostily upon the crisp grass of the square as the two made their way in silence to a central bower of evergreens, the haunt of children at their hide-and-seek throughout the afternoon.

"I think," said Derracott, in his suave, passionless voice, "that here is the proper theater for our little comedy."

He handed a pistol to his adversary. "Twenty-five thousand!" he murmured. "There is no need of superfluous witnesses. We two can play our own hands. Twenty-five thousand was a generous offer."

His hand, with its weapon close grasped, hung at his side.

"If you are resolved to end this thing in this way," said Harland hoarsely, "there's no help for it. What are you going to do?"

"According to my idea of the game," said Derracott softly, "we should have the option of firing at twelve paces or approaching at the signal. You may have observed it was on the stroke of one when we left. Perhaps you will be good enough to take the church-bell as a word of command."

Harland made no answer, but took his station in the open; Derracott put his back against a tree and waited. The faint sound of a remote clock rose from the distance and vibrated on the stillness. Harland steadied his arm before him, but Derracott stirred not. A moment intervened of dreadful silence—to Harland a space of hours—and then a heavy bell boomed from the clock tower of the church. A pistol cracked, and a withered branch snapped on the tree by Derracott's head. He himself laughed gently and marched slowly forward to the spot where stood Harland waiting for his death. Smilingly he regarded his victim.

"Twenty-five thousand!" said he. "It was a notable bid. But I think my solution was the better. My good sir," he said, "the exigencies of this game demanded that I should be free of all coroners' courts; hence the confession of suicide in your pocket."

He held out the pistol. Harland, his face sickly white, made a gesture of impatience. For a second he looked into Derracott's eyes. Derracott wavered for a breath of time, and then, clapping the barrel to the man's heart, pulled the trigger.

The body sank in a heap at Derracott's feet. He watched it huddle limply among the damp and yellow leaves, noted its open eyes and its pallid, moonlit face. He bent over the dead man; his pulse throbbed riotously.

"Twenty-five thousand," he muttered, in a thin, dry whisper; "a generous offer for my honor." He laughed. "He might have told me before he went how much he gave for hers."

## The Reason.

Mr. Besant asks why women no longer faint in fiction or in fact. Down to the time of Miss Austen, young ladies fainted much and often in novels—if a spider fell on them, if a rude fellow stared too hard at Ranelagh, and on a thousand lesser occasions. Nowadays, a novel with a swooning heroine would be absurd, and in daily life, too, women refrain from going into faints. Mr. Besant conjectures that it may be because women's lives are healthier in

## She Was All Right.



Good Samaritaness—Have you lost yourself, little girl? The Little Girl (weeping)—N-N-No. I've lost my mother.

these days; they eat and drink more sensibly, and possess more restraint over their emotions. This may well be the reason, but it may also be because it is no longer the fashion for women to be pretty weepings, to weep at a tender word or to faint at a frown.

## A Horse on the Barber.

The bald-headed man with four days' growth of beard on his chin went into a barber shop and sat down in one of the operating chairs. To him presently went a knight of the razor, who remarked interrogatively:

"Shave, sir?"

"No," growled the man in the chair. "I want to be measured for a suit of clothes."

This statement seemed to surprise the barber, but he managed to say:

"This ain't a tailor shop."

"Isn't it?"

"No."

"What is it?"

"It's a barber shop."

"What sort of work do you do in this shop?"

"Shave men and cut their hair."

"Do you think a sane man with no hair on his head would come in here to have his hair cut?"

"No, sir."

"Do I look like a lunatic?"

This was replied to by a silent shake of the head, but the barber doubtless thought he was acting like one.

"Then presuming me to be a sane man, but bald-headed, what would you naturally suppose I came here for?"

"For a shave."

"Then, my dear sir, why did you ask me if I wanted a shave when I took a seat in your chair? Why didn't you go right to work? If some of your barbers would cultivate a habit of inferring, from easily ascertained data, instead of developing such wonderful conversational and catechetical powers, it would be of material aid in advancing you in your chosen vocation and in expanding your bank account. Do you comprehend?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man, as he began to lather the customer's face in a dazed sort of way, and he never even asked him if he wanted oil on his hair when the operation was performed.—N. Y. Recorder.

## Before the Matinee.

The matinee woman with her two friends approached the box-office.

"What's the price of parquette seats?"

"One-fifty," said the box-office agent, politely.

"That much apiece?"

"Yes, ma'am, apiece."

"Couldn't you let me have three for \$2.25?"

"No, ma'am."

"How mean! Couldn't you let me have two and a general admission for that?"

"No, ma'am. General admission is fifty cents."

"Ain't that horrid! And, oh, I've only got \$1.25, come to think of it. Can't I get three general admissions for that?"

"I'm sorry, ma'am. It's against our rules."

"Theaters are just as mean as well, how many admissions can I get for \$1.25?"

"Two, ma'am."

"Well, give me two, then. (With sarcasm) I suppose you don't want the odd quarter, too?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, girls, I think it's just awful. We'll have to do the best we can. Here, you two take these tickets and go in and sit down somewhere and I'll go and get twenty-five cents worth of caramels, and then one of you come after the first act—I've seen their old play once, anyway—and give me the return check and I'll go in for an act, and then Flora can come out and let you in for another act. See? We'll see the thing if they do make a lot of schemes just to make people trouble. Now, go right in, so as not to miss any of it."—Chicago News Record.

## Discouraging.

Maiden (whispering)—Is that you, George? Serenader (who has been blowing love music for the last half hour)—Ah! At last, my darling, 'tis you! Yes! 'tis your own George.

Maiden (still whispering)—Well, George, won't you go away? Charlie Bonds is in here and is about to propose, and I'm afraid your music disconcerts him.

## Hurt Him.

He—Some things are awfully provoking. The other evening just as I was writing a note before going out to a reception I got an ink spot on my shirt bosom. My room mate was fearful cut up about it.

She—Why should he feel any worse than you?

He—It was his shirt.

## A Narrow Escape.

Bingo—Had quite an accident on my train to-day. I was just going to take out those sandwiches you put up for me when, crash! we struck another train.

Mrs. Bingo (anxiously)—Was anyone injured? Bingo—No. But those sandwiches were tele-scoped.

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## Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Thirteen.

for the manner in which the arrangements were carried out.

The notice of a dance given by Mrs. Gurney of Gerrard street last week was inserted in error. Mrs. Gurney gave no entertainment on that evening.

Dr. and Mrs. Cressor have returned from their wedding trip and taken up their residence at 432 Spadina avenue, corner of Oxford street. Mrs. Cressor will receive on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week, and every successive Friday.

A very jolly sleighing party with Weston as its objective point left Mrs. Parson's residence, Queen's Park, on Tuesday night. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Duggan and Mrs. Mandeville Merritt chaperoned the sleighful, among whom were: The Misses Parsons, Miss Howland, Miss Alice Howland, Miss Howard, Miss Amy Mason, Miss Stevenson, Miss Wise, Miss Daisy McMurray, Miss McDonald, Miss George Scott, the Misses Temple, Miss Miller, Miss Hutchins, and Messrs. McMillan, Frank Gray, Harry Hay, Adam, Lowndes, Beakbane, O'Reilly, Leigh, Pemberton, Richardson, Casey Wood, Morton Jones, H. Jones, Ritchie, Wilson and Stevenson. A dance on the excellent floor of Eagle's Hall and a drive back in the early morning through the fast falling snow completed a thoroughly enjoyable evening's entertainment.

A charming At Home was given by Mrs. A. H. Harris, at her residence, on Wednesday afternoon, which was beautifully arranged for the occasion. During the entire afternoon the rooms were filled to excess and many pretty costumes noted. Among those present were: Mrs. J. D. King, Mrs. R. J. Allan, Mrs. Irving Walker, Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. W. Pearson, Mrs. (Dr.) Ball, Miss Eva Kennedy, Miss M. Clang, Miss Dixon, and many others.

Miss Allie M. Bowman of Dundas is the guest of Miss Edna Hamill of Markham street.

Mrs. Brimer of 100 Gloucester street gave a charming At Home on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. John Shields will be At Home to her many friends on Tuesday, January 31, at 137 College street.

Mrs. George A. Cox of Sherbourne street gives an entertainment in aid of the Haven, next Tuesday evening, at her residence, for which a most interesting programme has been prepared.

Miss Lottie Coleman of Glen road gave a little evening on Tuesday for her guest, Miss Ethel Mayan of Philadelphia. Among those present were: Miss M. Bostwick, who wore a pretty gown of pink silk with girdle of flowers; Miss A. Lowndes, cream delaine with jeweled passementerie; Miss Anglin, white silk and lace; Miss E. Livingston, cream crepon with Nile green velvet, full sleeves and trimming; Misses T. Mason, Brown, T. Hughes, Weir, M. Hughes, Jones, Livingston, J. Dowd, and Messrs. Bonyard, Remini, Hirschfelder, Geo. Lillie, Wilson, Vaux, H. Willis, F. Mason, C. Brown, F. Gray, Woodruff, Anglin, Hughes, Chas. Lowndes and Logan.

The Right Rev. Dr. Courtney, Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, and Mr. Allan M. Dymond will address a missionary meeting in Trinity University next Monday evening. All are cordially invited to attend.

Mr. Geo. J. Mason and family of 253 Wellington street will remove shortly to a pretty residence on Victoria crescent, Parkdale, which they have recently purchased.

On February 2, at the Conservatory of Music, Mrs. Harrison will repeat her essay on French-Canadian Music, in the form of a lecture. Doubtless many musical people will avail themselves of the treat.

Mrs. C. E. Walker, of 536 Queen street west, gave a large dance on Tuesday evening. Several visitors in the city were present. Among those I remarked: Miss Aikens of St. Catharines, in gold colored satin and cream lace; Miss Todd of New Jersey, in pale blue, and Miss Rowland of Hamilton, in cream silk; Mrs. Walker wore black silk and lace; Miss Walker, cream silk and gold; Miss Mabel Walker, cream silk; Mesdames Donnelly, Hynds, Ford, Cushman and Smith, Misses Dubois, Gardner, Adams, Shepherd, Murphy, Brownjohn, Smallpiece, Graham, Kavanagh, Bell, Pearsall, Hosack of Detroit, Michigan, Esseng, Murchison, Urquhart, Strutt, Roberts, Logan, Harrison, Frisby, Anderson, Walker, Messrs. A. E. Mansfield, Ross, Strathey, Sanders, Fleming, Southcott, Donnelly, Hynds, Ford, Cushman, Quillen, Laidlaw, Aylesworth, McCabe, Wilson, Woods, Murphy, Stuttaford, Dr. Way, Robinson, S. Walker, Jackson, Dubois, Burries, T. and A. Lyons, Gardner, Shaw, McFella, Murphy, Broughain, Smallpiece, Smith, Bedson, Fuller, Hamilton, Oakley, Peakin, Murchison, Dr. Page, Wells, Gray, Johnston, Davidson, Hosack of Detroit, Michigan, and last but not least, Mr. Ed. Walker, who returned from Chicago in time to surprise the guests and join in their merry-making.

Mrs. Cesare Marani received all last week at her pretty house, 179 Cottingham street. She was assisted by Miss Josie Gooderham. Mrs. Marani looked very sweet in a graceful gown of pale blue, and did the honors in a very charming and cordial manner.

Mrs. Trotter, sr., of Galt, is spending a month or two with her son, Captain Trotter, 21 Bloor street west.

The Toronto Camp enjoyed a pleasant sleigh drive last Wednesday evening, and wound up the evening with a most excellent supper at Mr. E. Jackson's, Yonge street.

Mrs. Thompson gives a young people's dance on Monday evening.

The French Club met last Saturday evening at the home of Miss Brown of Jarvis street. A bright little French play was presented for the entertainment of the Owls by Misses Ellis, Brown, Wilkes, Catto, and Messrs. Palabot,

Quenel and Macdonald. The club meets this evening at the residence of Mrs. Macdonald, 27 Isabella street.

Mrs. M. G. Lewis of London gave a charming theater party last Monday night in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald. Among those present were: Major and Mrs. Beattie, Mr. and Mrs. J. Glass, Mr. Fred Jarvis, Mr. Harold Jarvis of Detroit.

Mrs. Irving Cameron's tea was very enjoyable and was largely attended by her lady friends. Gentlemen were taboo on this occasion, but the ladies quite enjoyed the attention lavished on them by pretty cavaliers of the gentler sex.

The Owl Club will give their third At Home of the season in Prof. Early's parlors on the evening of Tuesday, February 7.

A most successful dance was given by the Kohinor Club at the Arlington Hotel on Wednesday evening of last week, at which I remarked some very pretty costumes. Among the guests were: Miss Campbell, in yellow and white; Miss Burkholder, in an elegant costume of pink, which was charmingly complete in all its dainty accessories; Miss McGinnis, white watered silk; Miss Hines, pale blue shot silk; Miss McNaught, Empire gown of cream crepe and silver lace; Miss White, pink silk and feather trimming; Miss Dixon, white silk with lace. About sixty of the club and their friends were present.

Mrs. Sanderson Percy will be At Home to her friends at her residence, 92 Bloor street west, on Saturday afternoon next.

All those who were able to attend Mr. J. D. A. Tripp's piano recital last Wednesday evening in St. George's Hall enjoyed a great musical treat. The programme consisted of selections from the works of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Moszkowski, Liszt, Rubenstein and other great masters. All of the numbers were heartily encored, showing how well the audience appreciated the finished style in which Mr. Tripp plays. Madame D'Auria assisted in the programme by two vocal numbers, both of which were received with great applause. She wore a becoming and pretty gown of black lace with full sleeves of geranium red velvet. Among those present I noticed: Mr. Edward Fisher and ladies, Mr. Vogt, Mr. J. Bayley, Miss Dolby, Miss Cameron, Mr. F. and Miss V. Mason, Miss Strathy, Mr. Williams, Mr. C. Carter.

## Corinne Coming.

Corinne and a company of sixty artists will present the New Arcadia at Jacobs and Sparrow's Opera House for one week, beginning February 6. An exchange states: "This charming little artist and a company of sixty people, comprising a perfect support, had a most auspicious opening last evening. The immense house, both up and down stairs, was packed to the doors by the first people of the city, whose pleasure was expressed by their smiling faces. The play presented, Arcadia, was written by William Gill, author of Adonis. It has been entirely remodeled for Corinne, and it affords that delightful little artist excellent opportunity for the display of her great talent and versatility. Corinne is thoroughly entertaining under almost any circumstances, and her host of admirers will doubtless be more interested in her than in the piece itself. The chorus this year is larger and is better drilled than ever, and is made up

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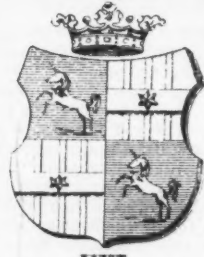
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**Births.**  
DICK—Jan. 17, Mrs. Wm. Dick—a daughter.  
KNIGHT—Jan. 16, Mrs. A. D. Knight—a son.

**Marriages.**  
MACKINNON—MERRICK—Jan. 18, Allan MacKinnon to Ida Merrick.  
GRANT—FELTHER—Jan. 18, Jas. Grant to Grace Feltner.  
LAWSON—WIGLEY—Jan. 18, Edmund Lawson to R. Wigley.  
WYLLIE—FORTE—Jan. 4, elev. W. Wyllie to Henriette A. Forte.  
CRABOR—GRIFFITH—Jan. 18, John A. Crabor to Charlotte Griffith.  
WEST—FINDLAY—Dec. 26, J. J. West to Janet F. Findlay.  
MCINTYRE—FRIGGLE—Jan. 18, Rev. H. S. McIntyre to Eliza R. Friggle.  
FRENCH—O'KEEFE—Jan. 23, John M. French to Helena Charlotte O'Keefe.  
BISBY—HOPWOOD—Jan. 18, Mat H. Bisby to Margie Hopwood.

**Deaths.**  
BRODERICK—Jan. 18, Ada Florence Broderick, aged 34.  
RUSSELL—Jan. 16, Isabella Russell, aged 70.  
WALKER—Jan. 18, Joseph Walker, aged 55.  
OAKLEY—Jan. 22, Herbert J. Oakley, aged 30.  
YORSTON—Jan. 23, Maggie Louise Yorston, aged 22.  
BARBER—Jan. 23, Lucinda S. Barber, aged 61.  
MONTEITH—Jan. 23, Rev. Robert Monteith, aged 78.  
CHARLTON—Jan. 24, Clara Charlton, aged 6.  
HILLMAN—Jan. 23, Sarah Hillman, aged 60.  
HOOPER—Jan. 19, Jane Ellis Hooper.  
PAUL—Jan. 22, Sarah Elizabeth Paul.  
HEATH—Jan. 24, Bertha Allen Heath, aged 8.  
BURWELL—Jan. 25, Alice Burwell.  
DUNSTAN—Jan. 23, Mainwaring Dunstan, aged 2.



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GAULT—Jan. 23, Margaret Gault.  
JACKSON—Jan. 23, James H. Jackson, aged 45.  
PAGE—Jan. 22, Elizabeth Grant Page, aged 62.  
FULTON—Jan. 17, John Fulton, aged 56.  
FIERENBACH—Jan. 30, Mary Fierenbach, aged 60.  
THOMSON—Jan. 21, John Thomson, aged 62.  
RICHARDSON—Jan. 21, Frances Richardson.  
BARKER—Jan. 21, Frank D. Barker, aged 28.  
CONNOR—Jan. 18, Mary Ann Connor, aged 61.  
FOTHERGILL—Dec. 20, Eliza Fothergill, aged 91.

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